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DREAMING LOVE AND WAKING DUTY.

BY A. E. G.

Othello.—But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life:
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up to be discarded thence!
* * * * * * *
Iago.—Beware, my lord of jealousy.
SHAKESPEARE.

Our life is twofold: sleep hath its own world.
THE DREAM, BY LORD BYRON.

Say not that her vows are broken,
Challenge not her wifely fame,
If her parted lips have spoken
Other than her husband's name.
Confidence may not vex the sleeping;
Duty frowns on opened eyes;
Will, o'erwatched, to Fancy's keeping
Leaves the march of Memories.

Two short years ago they parted:
He, all strong in love and truth;
She, all tearful, steadfast-hearted
To the chosen of her youth.
Forth he, at the call of duty,
Went with many a cheerful word:
She, for dower, had worth and beauty;
He, for wealth, his hopes and sword.

Oft, full oft, a breathless pallor
Blanched the roses of her cheek,
As she heard of vengeful valor
On the cruel, for the weak.
Oft she kindled at the story
Of some deed of daring done
By her lover, winning glory
In the gateways of the sun.

Then, as mood of all her passion,
Fraught with lies of circumstance,
Tidings came that changed the fashion
Of her darkening countenance.
He—her soldier-saint and martyr,
Worthy the red cross of old—
He had meanly stooped to barter
All his love and faith for gold.

Stayed was then her hoping, fearing;
Hung with night her house of life;
Till, without a heart, despairing,
She became a graybeard's wife.
All too late now to discover,
All too painful now to feel,
That the peace had brought her lover
Back as loyal as his steel!

Wedded thus, she moves unswerving:
Bids her nature to forget;
All her present spends in nerving
All her future 'gainst regret.
And if she have read her story
Written of another name,
Say not that her transitory
Sleeping age is due to shame.

Start not, husband, from her mutterings;
Frown not at her gentle tone;
Trust her wifely, wakeful utterings
Are of truth and thee alone.
Little cause is there for shrinking:
If thy chalice poisoned seem,
Take the antidote of thinking
That thy rival is a dream.

Marguerite's Lovers.

By MARY ELIZABETH.

"I will not have it!" vociferated Pere Delpine, bringing down his stick with a bang on the table. "Do you hear me? I say I will not have it! And what I say I stand to—ask the town!" And the old fisherman got up and, after his usual fashion, when his choleric temper broke out, stamped on the red brick floor.

His orphan granddaughter Marguerite, leaning against the box-bedstead in the alcove, in her pretty fisher-girl costume—short striped serge petticoat, tight-fitting bodice, long gold earrings, and picturesque frilled cap—twisted her apron nervously, and glanced towards the third person in the room, who was standing rather awkwardly near the door, under the portrait of grandfather Delpine as he appeared in the year 1800, when he possessed his proper complement of legs, and served as a drummer boy in *La Grande Armee*. The third person was a slight, undersized young man in a workman's holland blouse, with pale, refined features, blue eyes deep set under a high forehead, and mobile lips, who stood turning his cap thoughtfully with his white lithe fingers, and did not raise his eyes when Marguerite glanced at him.

"Cousin Pierre did but come to wish me good-bye, *grandpere*," she said, deprecatingly. "The 23d Regiment leaves to-morrow, you know. I did not think you would have been so angry."

"Hear her!" cried the old man, pulling up short, and looking round the room, as if calling the chairs and table to witness. "I come home and find her in this pretty gentleman's arms—she, the promised wife of another man—and she tells me she did not expect me to be angry! No—*sabre d'un sapeur!*—I will not be angry; I will be very calm!" And in proof of his calmness he stamped round the kitchen again in a way that severely tested the flooring, rapping his stick down at every step, and growling with a voice somewhat like distant thunder.

Marguerite looked up bravely, however.

"But I am not yet betrothed, grandfather; you know it has been put off with your consent till the war is over."

"That is all one," he returned. "You are promised. I promised my son Victor that his son Pierre should have you to wife. I said it, and what I say I stand to—ask the town! *Oho!*" he exclaimed, coming to a stop again opposite to her, "times are changing with a vengeance when girls take to choosing their husbands for themselves as they choose their gowns, consulting nothing but their own taste in the matter! And a fine choice thou wouldst make, left to thyself—scorning the handsomest, truest lad in Blanche-Falaise, who earns his bread bravely on the sea, as his fathers did before him, and taking up with a little wax mannikin who is too delicate—*nom d'un pape!*—too delicate to handle the net and line, and spends his life in making dirt-pies out of red clay."

A faint irrepressible smile flickered on the young man's lips under the fair moustache; but Marguerite flushed indignantly.

"And if *petit* Pierre has never been strong from his birth, is that his fault? Why should he follow a calling he is not fit for, to be a drag and a burden on others? He works as hard as *le gros* Pierre, in another way; and there is no one in the town but yourself, grandfather, who does not think the little statues he makes beautiful"—Marguerite's apron went up to her eyes—"and I wonder you should speak so to him, grandfather, you who are the nearest relative he has!"

The old fisherman took off his red cap, and bowed with ironical politeness to the young man, who stood in his former attitude, with his eyes downcast.

"Monsieur, my grandson," he said, "if I have failed in respect, I entreat your pardon. I only wish you to understand, look you, that, if you come to this house after your cousin Marguerite, you waste your time—the time which should be given to your works of art. She is already promised to your cousin and namesake, Pierre Delpine." Then, suddenly dropping his satirical courtesy, he added, in his natural tones, "You hear me, I conclude, though you stand munchance as usual. Marguerite is going to marry a man after my own heart, who will fight for his country till he drops in the ranks, or comes back with a medal on his breast."

"And so is *petit* Pierre going to fight for his country; and he is not a coward!" said Marguerite, but her tone now was less assured.

It was but a fine shade of difference, but it was not lost on the quick perceptions of the young workman, into whose pale cheeks crept a faint red.

"It is not always the biggest men who make the best soldiers," she added; "Pierre is quick and active, and——"

"Ay, ay," said the old man, with a grim chuckle; "he will be quick and active enough, I warrant you, when a retreat is sounded."

Pierre moved at last.

"It is better for me to go now, Marguerite," he said, in a low tone, as he passed her, and advanced to his grandfather, with hand outstretched.

But the old man, who had seated himself in his high chair, and taken out his tobacco pouch, set his face obstinately, and would not see it.

Marguerite came behind him and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You will shake hands with *petit* Pierre before he goes, *grandpere*? Perhaps you may not see him again."

"Oh, I shall see him again," he muttered, with a short gruff laugh, as he pressed the tobacco down in his pipe. "Never fear; he will come back like a bad *sou!*"

"Well, you will wish him good-bye and good-luck? Oh, *grandpere*, he is your son's son—he bears your name!"

"Let him see that he does not disgrace it," said the old man, grimly, but with a shade of softening in his tone.

"Teha! There is my hand, since he lays so much stress on it. As to wishing him good luck, I will give him a better wish than that; I wish him good courage!" And with a chuckle at his own joke, he put the pipe into his mouth again, and took up the newspaper as a hint that he considered the interview at an end.

Marguerite opened the door for her cousin, and as he pressed her hand he looked at her inquiringly. She nodded, and whispered, hurriedly:

"To-night, at the Calvaire, on the heights, about nine o'clock, when *grandpere* is at the 'Petit Caporal.'"

She watched him as he descended the steep, narrow street that led to the lower town and the sea, shadowed by the high houses, with great red-brown fishing-nets hanging from the upper windows, in a grotesque imitation of drapery.

A few yards from the door there passed him, coming up towards the house, a young man of about his own age—a big, broad-shouldered, heavily-built young fellow, in a brand-new Mobile's uniform, who, as he went swaggering by, with his hands in his pockets, and his cap cocked ferociously, gave him a patronizing nod and a smile, which, with the accompanying glance at Marguerite, in the doorway, was intended to express infinite *finesse* and intelligence, but which on his stupidly handsome face was merely a grotesque look of cunning. He came on, twirling his black moustache victoriously, and humming the "Chant du Depart," but before he reached the door Marguerite had disappeared, and on entering the kitchen he found only *grandpere* Delpine there to receive him.

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Start not, husband, from her mutterings: Frown not at her gentle tone:

Trust her wifely, wakeful utterings Are of truth and thee alone.

(See Poem.)

"Father wants you to come down to our house, *grandpere*—you and Marguerite. Where has she fled to?"

"She is a wayward fool!" said old Delpine, pettishly. "That little good-for-nothing has been here, there have been tears and scenes. Let her be, lad; she will come to her senses in time."

Pierre tossed back his head with a loud laugh.

"Yes; she will come to them fast enough, I warrant you, when I return with a medal on my coat, and all the girls in the town are setting their caps at me. But look you, *grandpere*," he added, as they crossed the threshold, "suppose *le petit* doesn't get gobbled up by the Prussians, but comes back in triumph, and Marguerite——"

The old man paused, bringing down his stick on the pavement.

"I tell thee," he interrupted, "that Marguerite shall marry thee, and no one else. I, Jacques Delpine, say it; and what I say I stand to—ask the town!"

* * * * * * *

The fisherman's Calvaire at Blanche-Falaise stands on a little plateau on the heights above the town, the crowded roofs of which stretch steeply down beneath it to the sea. Its great cross, with the rudely-carved Christ, stands out conspicuously against the background of whitewashed wall, and is the last object on which the fisherman's eyes rest as he puts out to sea, and the first they seek when the laden boat comes slowly back into the little bay. The Calvaire is gained by the road on the heights, on the left-hand side of which, past the cemetery, is a wooden gate, which admits into the square-flagged enclosure where it stands. The wall towards the sea is built sheer to the cliff, and, leaning over this wall on the same evening, gazing at the wide calm expanse of moonlit sea, was Pierre Delpine, first at the trysting-place.

The young man's face was set and white. The reticent, inscrutable look which in the morning had disguised it like a mask had fallen from it now in solitude, leaving it haggard and troubled. The pale lips were nervously compressed, the blue eyes were darkened with the shadow of some fear or anxiety. By degrees, however, his features relaxed into a calm sadness, and he fell into a melancholy reverie, his eyes absently following the course of a distant fishing boat, gliding like a spirit through the silver track, with all its white sails set.

The sound of the gate closing made him turn with a start. Marguerite had just entered. He advanced quickly towards her, but she silently motioned to him to wait while she paid her tribute of reverence to the holy symbol near them. When she had knelt and crossed herself, he standing near her with uncovered head, she rose, and, placing her hand on his arm, turned with him to the wall.

The lovers stood for a few moments hand in hand in silence, the eloquent silence of hearts too full to find relief at once in words. Then Pierre turned and looked earnestly into her face.

"Marguerite, thou art as white as a Lent lily."

"It is the moonlight makes me look so."

"Is it the moonlight makes thy sweet eyes so dim and heavy, *mon ange?*"

She did not reply. After a pause he looked towards the sea.

"I have been watching the course of a fishing-boat over there," he said. "You cannot see it now; it was in the silver track a moment ago, but the mist and darkness have swallowed it up." He paused a minute, and then murmured dreamily, "So men's lives pass from the light of love and life, and are lost to the eyes that watch them."

He gazed with a profound melancholy at the calm mysterious sea, and then, drawing a deep breath, turned towards her again. He passed his arm round her shoulder.

"There is no hope for me, then, Marguerite? The grandfather is harder than ever. He is set upon giving thee to no one but Pierre."

Marguerite sighed heavily, and was silent.

"It is only since the war broke out," she said, after a pause, "that he has grown so infatuated about Pierre; he talks so big of what he intends to do, and grandfather believes him a hero before he has fought a stroke. For my part, I am sick of his boastings and vaporings."

"Grandfather admires nothing so much as courage," observed Pierre, sadly; "it is no wonder he despises me."

Marguerite looked earnestly and pitifully into his downcast face; she stroked the sleeve of his blouse with a little caressing movement, in which was a touch of half-maternal tenderness and protection.

"Thou too wilt be courageous when the time comes, my friend. I have heard that there is an excitement in battle that is like intoxication; you will not be able to think of danger—of the chance of——"

"Marguerite, you do not understand," he said, raising his face. "It is not danger I fear; it is the thought of killing, of seeing the dreadful deaths, the wounds, the blood! Oh, it is horrible!" He buried his face in his hands and shuddered from head to foot.

"What is to become of me," he cried, in agony, "if I cannot conquer this miserable weakness? What is in store for me but ruin and disgrace—to be branded as a——"

With a faint cry Marguerite put her hand suddenly to his lips.

He covered his face again, trying to shut out the dreadful thought; but it seemed as if he already heard, like the hiss of a serpent in his ear, that horrible word "Coward!"

"Pierre," cried Marguerite, despairingly, "rouse yourself; listen to me. If it is not death you fear, all will be well. Think for what it is you fight—our dear, unhappy land. Think of her lying helpless at the foot of cruel Prussia. Thou hast no mother; think of thy country as thy mother, and remember thou art fighting to save her from wrong and outrage. Think of me—let me be proud of thee when thou returnest."

"And if I never return, Marguerite?"

She looked at him blankly for a minute, and then burst into a sudden passion of tears, clinging to him with despairing sobs and broken cries, kissing his cheek his hand, his coat, with incoherent words of love and anguish.

Little less agitated himself, he strained her in his arms, and drew her down on to the stone seat, and then they laid their heads together forlornly under the quiet stars, and mingled their tears like children. In this trance of grief the moments slipped by unheeded; and when ten o'clock sounded from the little church of "Our Lady of the Sea," near them, they both started, and Marguerite rose hastily to go.

"I have not said to thee half of what was in my heart," she said. "But I dare not stay longer. Thou wilt write very soon to Marie Dutertre's, as we arranged, thou knowest. Take this parcel—there are the stockings and other little things that may be useful. They will remind thee of me when—— Oh, my beloved"—she broke off, clinging to him in a fresh outburst of grief—"my heart is breaking!"

He threw his arms around her again, and passionately kissed her quivering lips.

"My angel—my dear heart, I cannot comfort thee, but heaven console and guard thee!"

She took his hand, and drew him to the cross, and, still locked in their farewell embrace, they knelt together, and mingled their prayers. Before they rose to go she lifted her head from his shoulder, and whispered—

"Whatever happens I will be faithful, Pierre, to thee or to thy memory."

* * * * * *

"Marguerite, has the man with the newspapers not gone by yet?"

Marguerite turned from the door where she was standing.

"Not yet, *grandpere*—I am watching for him," she said, and she looked down the street again, while the old man sat down with a dissatisfied growl, and filled his morning pipe with fingers that had grown withered and tremulous of late.

Three months had passed since the Twenty-third Regiment left Blanche-Falaise—three dreadful months of struggle and defeat, every week, every day of which had drained another drop of her life's blood from the heart of fainting, agonized, heroic France.

The little northern town of Blanche-Falaise, on its windy height, seemed lifted out of the noise and din of war, which reached it like a far-away echo, an ominous sound, at which the cheek paled and the heart turned sick. But, though no death-dealing "obus" had ploughed its way through the narrow streets, more than one shot fired in the distant battle-fields had left a wound in the heart of bereaved mother or widowed bride, which would be carried to the grave.

It was now a month since Marguerite had heard from her lover. His last blurred brief letter had been written on the eve of the first engagement of the Twenty-third Regiment.

"To-morrow," he wrote, "we go to the front. Pray for me, my Marguerite—for my life, if thou wilt—but for something besides—thou knowest."

And then there had been silence—four weeks of agonized suspense—during which her only consolation had been in praying for him, and in learning by heart his letters, which up to that time had been regular and frequent.

But she found there was as much pain as comfort for her in those tender pages. The depression they breathed was something more than the feeling natural to a soldier in a failing and defeated army. The old fear was there—the old sick dread of being "found wanting" when the moment of trial came, which by a time of inaction and suspense seemed to have been strengthened into a morbid terror.

Of his cousin Pierre he said little; but big Pierre never failed to give them news of "our little hero" in his ill-spelt untidy scrawls, and, though Marguerite knew that half his tales were falsehoods, she winced and shivered nevertheless when her grandfather read them out with a great roar of laughter.

"Our little hero" spent all his spare time in washing his hands and saying his prayers. His fine lady-ways had got him the nickname of "Mam'selle Mijauraine" in the regiment; he had fainted at the sight of a wounded man; he was frightened at his own gun. Monsieur le Capitaine had been very droll with him the other night, asking him what General he expected to serve under when they went to the front—whether it was not "General Consternation."

But Marguerite did not grudge the old man his amusement at these sorry jokes—nothing else could bring a smile to his lips now. Every fresh report of defeat and disaster seemed to leave him with less vitality. He had not spoken harshly to her since the day, some weeks before, when she had attempted to keep from him, by hiding the paper, some bad news which he afterwards learnt elsewhere. He had flown into a violent passion with her then, and had been pettishly suspicious ever since.

"Marguerite," he repeated, now, after a few moments pause, "the man with the newspapers must have gone by, I tell thee, it is after his time."

"No, grandpere; he is just coming up the street."

The old fisherman limped hastily to the door, and they both watched the man as he came quickly up the hilly street in his dark blouse and lettered cap, with the bundle of papers under his arm, one of which he sold at every step to the men, women and children who thronged out of the houses at the sound of his voice.

"Latest news of the war! News of the Twenty-third Regiment! Letter from M. le Capitaine Martel."

"Here!" shouted Pere Delpine, and the man pushed his way through his crowd of customers and hurried up to him with unusual *empressement*.

"News for you and yours, Pere Delpine," he said, as with a dexterous twirl he extracted the local paper from the bundle and placed it in the eager outstretched hand—"bad news and good news. *Eh, quoi!* One must take them together in this world. Were I you, I should be proud of my name to-day," and, touching his cap, he turned away, and Pere Delpine hastily shut the door, and, unfolding the paper with trembling hands, carried it to the light, followed by Marguerite, who looked over his shoulder, her lips white with excitement, her heart beating thickly.

Agitation made the old man's eyes more than usually dim; it was only after a minute or two's eager tremulous poring over the columns that he found the paragraph he sought. But Marguerite had seen it at once, attracted by a name that seemed written in fire; she had taken in the sense at a glance, and now stood staring blankly at the lines over her grandfather's shoulder, with a dreadful doubt and perplexity in her dilated eyes.

The letter was from "M. le Capitaine Martel, 23d Regiment," and was addressed to his friend, the Sous Prefet of Blanche-Falaise. It began with the usual monotonous record of disaster. "But what else can we expect," said the writer, "commanded as we are? What serve the daring and devotion of our soldiers neutralised as they are by the idiocy of our generals? In the whole history of warfare never were men so heroic or leaders so incapable. I give you a 'two-edged illustration.' On the second of last month, as you know, we were ordered into action for the first time. On the morning of that day we changed our position. There is nothing more simple than this, but it was a move, and in our army every move implies a blunder. The blunder in this case was perpetrated by Colonel Z—— (you can supply the name), who, by some incredible *maladresse*, contrived to get our division isolated from the main body just as evening was falling. The Prussians hemmed us in; we were already their prisoners; they waited only for morning light to disarm every man of us. Could we communicate with the troops before dawn, we were saved; but where was there an opening by which a single man might pass in the dreadful iron girdle that encircled us? It was hopeless. Nevertheless a man from the ranks volunteered; he proposed to make his way through the wood on our right—beyond there was open country. 'But that wood bristled with the outposts of the enemy—behind every tree was a bayonet. 'No matter, he would make the attempt, with M. le Colonel's permission.'

"There was something in the quiet heroism of this man which commanded confidence, which even inspired hope. The message was entrusted to him.

"By a miracle of address he succeeded in traversing two-thirds of the wood without being perceived, and then suddenly an alarm was raised and the rest

of his course was run under a hot fire of bullets.

"Bleeding from no fewer than five wounds, he bounded from the wood and emerged on the open country. His pursuers were behind him; their shouts sounded close to his ears. He ran—he turned—he doubled; all at once he disappeared. They sought in vain; the night was dark, and their quarry had eluded them. Meanwhile he lay in a deep ditch half covered with reeds; their footsteps shook the ground above him—he heard their oaths and cries of disappointment. By degrees these died away as they dispersed to search elsewhere; and then, drenched, chilled, bleeding, he emerged, and an hour afterwards reached the general's quarters, and delivered the message.

"Then, and not till then, he felt that he was wounded, and fell insensible. This hero is yours. Let his name be written in letters of gold: 'Pierre Delpine, of Blanche-Falaise.'

"Happily his wounds, though severe, were not mortal; he will live to wear over his brave heart the decoration he has earned, and to enjoy the love and honor of his fellow-townsmen. By a curious chance a man of the same name, the same regiment, and from the same town, deserted with two of his comrades after the engagement of the following day, and has not since been heard of."

It was on this last sentence that Marguerite's eyes dwelt with a dreadful fascination.

"What did I tell thee?" old Delpine shouted, shaking the paper at her with his trembling hands. "What say you now to the man you scorned? What say you now to your little renegade lover?"

Marguerite's heart was failing her; but she made a desperate fight for him.

"How can we tell which Pierre was the hero, grandfather?"

"Hear her!" cried the old man, his voice breaking with passion. "Hear this fool who doubts 'which was the hero!' Nay, mademoiselle," he added, with sudden calmness, as his anger reached white heat, "you wrong monsieur the artist by your question. It is of course none but he who—— Ah, coward, traitor, beggar!" he broke out again, shaking his clenched hands in an agony of rage and mortification as strong as his triumph had been. "I would thou wert in reach of these hands, old as they are! Well for my son Jean that he did not live to see this hour—to find that he had brought into the world a miserable——"

"Grandpere," she interrupted him, with a piteous cry, "if he is—if it is so, spare me—pity me, for I love him!"

And, sinking into a chair, she threw her arms over the table, dropped her head upon them, and burst into a fit of hysterical weeping.

The old man seemed taken aback; he took a few turns up and down the kitchen, still muttering angrily to himself, but glancing at her from time to time uneasily. He folded up the precious paper, and placed it in his breast, took down his hat, and moved towards the door. As he passed her he paused irresolutely, and then touched her shoulder.

"Ta, ta; little fool, why dost thou weep? He is not worth thy tears."

But Marguerite only moaned and shivered, and, with an impatient shrug, he turned from her and went out.

He had scarcely hobbled from the door when the house was besieged by friends and neighbors, eager to talk over the news with a member of the suddenly distinguished "Famille Delpine." Marguerite faced the visitors with stony calmness and self-possession, listened to their comments, replied to their inquiries, and made no remark when she found that the town had already leaped to her grandfather's conclusion, and branded her lover as a coward and deserter. Then, when they had been dismissed, and the door shut against fresh intrusion, she went and locked herself into her little bed-room.

She sat down upon her bed, her hands wrung together, her eyes fixed blankly on the floor at her feet.

Paler and paler she grew as the light of hope burnt more and more dim in her heart, as Pierre's words at their parting recurred to her, as his letters rose up in her mind like witnesses against him.

Suddenly her face brightened; she lifted her head and looked up proudly, as if confronting his accusers.

"It is not true," she uttered, involuntarily speaking aloud. "It is nearly a month since this man disappeared. If it had been my Pierre, I should have heard of it before. He would have written for help, he would——"

She broke off with a shudder as the possible explanation of his silence flashed across her, and, sinking on her knees, pressed her hands to her eyes to keep out the dreadful picture of her lover lying, stark and cold, in some thick wood or lonely hollow.

"Only let him live," she moaned—"only let him live to come back to me! Disgraced, ruined, he is still the same to me! Oh, my darling—my poor darling—my dear, faithful, loving, patient, darling!"

Her voice broke and died away in choking sobs.

The moments passed unheeded, creeping slowly by "on broken wing." Downstairs at intervals there was a sound of coming and going, of voices in eager conversation, above which rose Pere Delpine's high tones. But no one disturbed her, and by and by, towards dusk, the sounds ceased; she heard the front door close, and, looking out, saw her grandfather, her uncle Victor, and their friends going up the street.

Then she crept downstairs into the empty, silent kitchen, lighted only by the smouldering wood fire on the hearth.

She drew a low wooden stool near it, and sat down. With her cheek on her hand she gazed into the glowing hollows of the fire. She saw, at the end of a long vista, a lonely figure, which looked at her with eyes of mournful entreaty. Her heart ached with love and pity, and the hot tears coursed down her cheeks again. How long she had sat thus she did not know; the shadows had gathered thickly around her, and the fire burnt low, when a sound behind her made her turn with a start and look over her shoulder towards the door. The room was now in darkness, except for a faint glimmer of light here and there on some polished surface, the doors of the oak press, or the plates on the rack—all else was shadow and obscurity.

Marguerite listened intently. She heard a sound of labored breathing from the darkness near the door. She started up, and thrust with her foot at the smouldering log. It broke into a fitful, dancing flame, lighting the room for scarcely a second at a time; but it was enough to show her a figure standing in an angle of the wall.

Marguerite's heart gave a great throb. Who was it that had thus crept in under cover of the darkness?

"Pierre," she breathed, "is that you?" And a smothered voice from the shadow answered, "Yes."

Marguerite leaned against the wall, trembling with agitation. Joy and sorrow struggled in her heart—joy that her lover lived, grief that, beyond all doubt now, he lived—disgraced! She dreaded for his sake the moment when their eyes should meet, when she should see his fall before her own, in shame and humiliation.

There was a few moments' silence, and then the figure moved with a shambling footstep into the faint circle of light round the hearth.

Marguerite gave a cry that rang through the room.

"Which Pierre is it?" she gasped.

A voice there was no mistaking answered, sullkily:

"Get a light and see for yourself."

And the figure dropped heavily into her grandfather's chair.

"Big Pierre!" beyond possibility of doubt; big Pierre, with arms and legs intact, but otherwise in the most doleful of plights. His bare feet peeped through his boots; the dark blouse he wore was a rag; a beard of three weeks' growth was on his face; his teeth were chattering dismally.

"Give me food and drink before you begin to catechise," he said, with an impatient glance at her standing opposite him. "I have not eaten for forty-eight hours, and I have not had a regular meal for a month," he added, in a tone of profound self-pity, "or slept between sheets. Last night I lay in a hollow on the heights. Don't stand staring there, Marguerite. Get me food and drink," he repeated.

She obeyed him, closed the curtains, lighted the lamp, and placed meat and wine on the table, all silently and mechanically. But, oh, the sweet, intoxicating joy that was thrilling every nerve, the blessed sense of relief which made the ground seem air beneath her feet, the bright hopes and anticipations that chased each other through her brain! Her heart felt "like a nest of singing birds, rocked on the topmost bough of life."

Meanwhile her visitor, like a famished animal, had seized on the food, only stopping now and then to listen to some fancied sound outside. When he had finished, he asked, hastily:

"Is grandfather at the 'Petit Caporal?'"

"No; I think he is at Uncle Victor's. There has been excitement here to-day," Marguerite said, looking full at him. "We had news this morning in the paper of the 23d Regiment. There were two Pierre Delpines mentioned," she added, slowly; "one was a hero, the other—a deserter!"

He set his lips doggedly. There was no need to ask questions; that sullen, sluking face spoke for itself.

"You have heard it all, I see," he muttered. Then, looking up in defiant self-justification, he added, with an oath, "No one believes in the army now; we serve for nothing but food for powder. I'm not the only one; don't think it! Some of them ran away before the fighting began. I didn't; I was in the affair over there, at Amiens. I got a wound in my shoulder—a hole as big as that," said Pierre, with a violent shudder.

Evidently that was the hole "big Pierre's" courage had oozed out at.

"But, Marguerite, I want you to speak to my mother; I want to get out of the country. If——"

He stopped, listening breathlessly, with suddenly whitened lips.

"What's that—that noise in the street?"

There was a distant sound of many voices, of confused cries, of the tramp of approaching feet. Pierre started up in an agony of terror.

"They have tracked me! They are coming for me! I shall be torn to pieces! Marguerite, hide me!"

She ran to the door and slipped the bolt, hid the plate and glass, and then hurried him to the back door, which opened on a lonely, narrow lane leading down to the beach.

"Run to Marie Dutertre's," she whispered; "she will take you in. I will speak to your mother to-morrow. If she will not help you away, we will—Pierre and I."

He rushed from the door, and was lost in the darkness.

Marguerite returned to the kitchen. The shouts and footsteps came nearer, then sounded close outside, and then stopped at the door. There was a violent rapping, with cries of "Open, Pere Delpine!"

Marguerite drew back the bolt and opened the door.

Outside in the moonlight there was a great crowd—a shouting, swaying, excited throng that filled the street. It seemed like a dream of radiant faces. Hands were waved and caps tossed when she appeared. A dozen incoherent explanations were shouted to her at once.

"It was a mistake, *p'tit* Pierre never ran away!"

"He came in Michaud's cart from Calais!"

"He is here!"

"Fetch Pere Delpine!"

And half a dozen pairs of legs scoured up the street in search of him.

Then came fresh hurras—"Vive petit Pierre!" "Vive Mam'selle Marguerite!" "Vive le vieux militaire!" "Vive" everything and everybody, in a vague transport of enthusiasm.

And all this time a figure, mounted mysteriously above the shoulders of the crowd in a sort of apotheosis, was struggling desperately to reach the ground and come to her. They let him down at last, made way for him, and the next moment Marguerite was clasped in her lover's arms, and his warm kisses were on her lips. Sorrow and trial she had borne like a heroine; this sudden happiness was too much for her—she fainted away.

When she unclosed her eyes she found herself in the kitchen with no one near but Pierre—her Pierre—and her grandfather. The crowd had completely vanished, and was letting off its surplus enthusiasm in the various wine shops of the town.

Pere Delpine had evidently not yet succeeded in realizing the situation. He stood staring at his grandson with mouth and eyes wide open. The intensity of his bewilderment had banished all expression from his countenance. He looked from Pierre's pale face to the arm he carried in a sling, and from that to the decoration on his breast, in a sort of trance, appearing to come to no conclusion whatever.

"Pierre, my hero!" cried Marguerite, passionately, kissing his hand. "Oh, I could kneel at thy feet at the remembrance of having doubted thee! *Mechant*, it was your fault!" she added, caressingly. "Why did you tell me you should be afraid?"

"I told thee I should not be afraid of death, Marguerite," he answered, simply; "it was fighting I dreaded, and I have not fought a stroke."

"Now, grandfather, who was right?" Marguerite exclaimed, triumphantly, turning to the old fisherman.

"Nay, nay," interrupted Pierre, taking the old man's hand affectionately, "grandfather was right when he said I should never be a soldier. This exploit of mine proves nothing; I——"

"And I say," shouted Pere Delpine, coming out of his trance all at once, and bringing down his stick with a bang that made them jump—"I say grandfather was wrong; I say he was a blundering, obstinate old idiot! Hold thy tongue; I will not be contradicted. Thou no soldier! Thou art a soldier worthy to have served under the 'Little Corporal' himself! Thou art——"

"Ah, grandfather," interrupted Pierre, "what is more to the purpose—am I worthy to serve under Marguerite?"

The old man took their young hands in his tremulous fingers and pressed them together.

"Take her, lad," he said. "I do not tell thee to make her happy; a good soldier makes a good husband. She is a brave heart, and worthy of thee. I will ask no questions to-night; Marguerite shall have thee to herself. Go, go, silly children, whisper your pretty secrets—I am not listening."

And, crossing the wide hearth, he sat down in his chair opposite and lighted his pipe. As the light smoke-wreaths curled round him he looked at his grandson with bright, admiring eyes.

"France need not despair while she has sons like him," he muttered, after a time—"no, no! And if it does not come in his day—the revenge—it will come in his children's; his sons will follow better leaders to victory. Ay, ay," he added, nodding his head with a frowning smile, "we Frenchmen can endure the present, for we know what the future has in store."

And his thoughts lost themselves in that dim and doubtful future; but for the lovers sitting hand in hand the present was all-sufficient.

* * * * *

Big Pierre was successfully smuggled out of the country, and, after a time of some privation, succeeded in obtaining respectable employment in London, where he now is. He is given to talking largely of his share in the late war, and the wound he received "over there, at Amiens."

As for the other Pierre, his townsmen are beginning to be proud of him on other accounts besides his courage. He has been making "dirt pies" to some purpose lately, and his little statuettes have been heard of many miles from Blanche-Falaise. It is even possible that Pierre may wake up some day and find himself famous. Meanwhile, with his loving wife and handsome, healthy children, he is perhaps as near complete happiness as it is given to mortals to be in this lower world.

THE WONDERS OF CREATION.

Not the least interesting among geological discoveries is the fact that Paris was once below the waters of a gulf, and the site of busy, teeming London was covered by the waters of an estuary. What are the revolutions effected by man in these cities, compared with the mighty changes wrought in them by the mysterious but ever-active forces of nature? Embedded in the strata of the Silurian system are the fossil remains of what may be fitly termed the marvels of the ancient world.

Hear the author's description of a gigantic monster called the Cetiosaurus, which science proves to have once inhabited the British seas, and another extinct animal called the Megalosaurus:

"The Cetiosaurus was probably about sixty feet long. This king of monsters was furnished with a broad vertical tail, capable of administering a terrific blow, and the toes of its webbed feet, proportioned in size to the prodigious bulk they had to sustain, were armed with sharp claws, with which it fastened on the fish and smaller reptiles constituting its food. The Megalosaurus was another gigantic reptile, which is supposed to have combined with the magnitude of the hippopotamus the structural peculiarities of the alligator. But the strangest of these hideous creatures, in point of structure and appearance, was the Pterodactyl, a flying reptile formed to subsist both on land and water. The size of the Pterodactyl is variously estimated, but perhaps the outstretched wings from the extremity of the one to that of the other did not quite cover seventeen feet. It was of predacious habits, and its jaw, which was perfectly reptilian in form, was set with about sixty conical teeth, firmly riveted in the bone. The legs appear to have been of considerable length, and adapted equally for walking or swimming. The neck was also long, assimilating with a bird's; and the wings, which differed from any organs of flight now existing, possessed extraordinary power, and enabled this aerial scourge to soar to incredible heights, and thence fall like lightning on its prey."

After perusing this last quotation, it affords a singular contrast to the student of natural history to read of some of the Infusoria, a class of animals so minute as only to be seen through a microscope. Among these, the Rotifera, or wheel insects, are so highly organized as to possess a mouth, a stomach, an intestine, and a tail; while the neck, examined through a powerful microscope, appears to be furnished with eyes, and anteriorly it bears a most curious organ, the denticulated edges of which vibrate in succession, giving the whole member the appearance of a wheel. Equally singular is the genius called Proteus, which is observed to be perpetually changing its shape, and seldom retains the same form for two minutes together.

Most precepts of parents and teachers are lost sight of at the very time when it is important to observe them—as the label, "Shut the door," is invisible when it is open widest and thrown back against the wall.

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think, than what to think; rather to improve our minds so as to make us think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

THE REVIEWER AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Monastery. By Sir Walter Scott. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

The eleventh volume of the new edition of the Waverly novels, now in course of publication.

Edinburgh Review for July, 1875. *Westminster Review* for July, 1875. *Blackwood's Magazine* for August, 1875. Reprints by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York. For sale by Wm. B. Zieber, 921 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Oliver Optic's Magazine for September, 1875.

An elegantly illustrated number, containing serials by Oliver Optic, Elizabeth Dudley and Elijah Kellogg, and a number of very interesting and instructive articles.

The Woman of Honor; or, False Friendships in Society. Translated from the French of Louis Enault, by Mrs. Rebecca L. Tutt. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

This is called "A Book for Women," and it certainly teaches a most salutary lesson in a very agreeable and interesting style.

The New Pocket Guide and Street Directory of Philadelphia. Published by John F. Hunt, Philadelphia.

This is an excellent little work, calculated to be of great use to many, giving as it does in a small compass much invaluable information regarding the Centennial City. Thirty-seven illustrations together with a large map by Stoiffer are included.

Vox Humana for September, 1875. Published by Geo. Woods & Co., Cambridgeport, Mass. For sale by M. G. Bisbee, Philadelphia.

This is one of the best of our musical exchanges, and this month is a more than ordinarily choice number. The selection of music comprises a fine pianoforte piece by Theo. Oesten, a part song by Barnby, the popular composer, "Ivy Green," by Henry Russell, a nocturne suitable for either organ or piano, and a hymn tune to meet the requirements of choirs.

Eleanore. And other Poems. By P. Hamilton Myers. Publishers: Dodd & Mead, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The poem that names this volume long ago achieved a local popularity, which was due partly to the name of the distinguished person who stood sponsor for it on its first publication (the world-lamented Seward), partly to the beautiful scenery which it celebrates, and in some degree to the merits of the poem itself. It deserves well as an attempt to preserve the incidents of our early times.

The Arcadian. Published by Arcadian Publishing Co., George H. Butler, editor. 189 and 170 Fulton Street, New York.

A mention of a few of the writers for the Arcadian will be enough to show the enterprise and ability displayed in its publication; among others are Benjamin F. Butler, John Brougham, Thurlow Weed, Sam Ward, Geo. Alfred Townsend, Stephen Fiske, etc., etc. It is one of the best papers published in New York.

The High School Choir. By L. O. Emerson and W. S. Tilden. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

This is a new vocal class book, intended for high schools and seminaries, and containing, in addition to the elementary course, a large number of excellent three and four part songs, with many fine devotional songs and hymn tunes for practice, and for opening and closing exercises. The names of Abt, Mendelssohn and others, vouch for the high character of a portion of the music, and the remainder speaks for itself, being composed and arranged by a perfect master of song.

The Hudson River. By Pen and Pencil. For tourists and others. Illustrated with sixty drawings, by J. D. Woodward. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This is a handsome pamphlet, containing the narrative of a trip up the Hudson from New York to Glens Falls, and the illustrations include most of the points of interest along the "Rhine of America"—Palisade Mountain House, Yonkers, Nyack, Tarrytown, Sing Sing, Peekskill, view from West Point, Cozzens' Hotel, Under the Cliff, Newburgh, "Idlewild," the residence of the late N. P. Willis, Poughkeepsie, Prospect Park Hotel, Albany, Troy, etc. This work is an elegant addition to the illustrated literature of America.

Scribner's Magazine for September, 1875, admirably sustains its usual standard of excellence in all its departments. The articles cover a wide range of topics, the first one being a profusely illustrated account of Chicago by J. W. Sheahan.

Harper's Magazine for September, 1875, is a most varied and highly interesting number. Among its many excellent articles are one on Gloucester and Cape Ann, with twelve illustrations, another by James Parton, illustrated, on a recent English caricature, and one by Porte Crayon describing a Virginia tournament.

Peterson's Journal of Popular Literature for September, published by Henry Peterson & Co., Philadelphia, contains the usual number and variety of short stories, several pleasing poems, and a scholarly article on Richard Wagner. "The Deserted Husband," and "The Mystery at Blackwood Grange," are continued, and the interest is fully sustained.

Galaxy for September, 1875, is one of the freshest and most spirited numbers we have ever read, which will be evident from our mentioning the names of some of the contributors, viz.: John G. Saxe, Junius Henri Browne, Albert Rhodes, Henry James, Jr., and Richard Grant White, besides those of several new writers of marked ability, who are already worthy of a recognized place in the world of letters. The poetry of the number is by John G. Saxe, Rose Terry Cooke, Joseph O'Connor, and others. The departments of Science, Literature, and Current Gossip follow, and make up, with the usual instalments of serial novels, a very full and attractive September magazine.

Ill-Temper.—It is undoubtedly true, that more misery is produced among us by the irregularities of our tempers, than by real misfortunes. And it happens, unfortunately, that these irregularities of the temper are most apt to display themselves at our firesides, where everything ought to be tranquil and serene. But the truth is, we are awed by the presence of strangers, and are afraid of appearing weak or ill-natured when we get out into the world, and so very heroically reserve all our ill-humor for our wives, children, and servants. We are weak where we might meet with opposition, but feel ourselves undauntedly bold where we are sure of no effectual resistance.

ON THE WATER

BY MEMOR.

On the water, on the water,
While the summer days were fair;
Whispering words in softest accents
Thro' a veil of drooping hair;
While the little ear was peeping,
Half ashamed and rosy red,
Blushing at the earnest meaning
Of the tender words I said—

On the water, on the water,
Fairly shone the sunbeams then,
Dancing on the tiny ripples,
Lighting up the far-off glen;
None could hear us save the Iris,
Swaying in her golden pride,
And the lilies ever moving
With the motion of the tide.

On the water, on the water,
While the twilight shades drew nigh,
Catching at the drooping branches,
As we floated idly by;
Oh! her small hand's gentle pressure,
And her glance all words above,
And her soft cheek's bright carnation,
When I told her all my love!

On the water, on the water,
Now I float, but all alone,
And I miss the silken ringlets,
And the little hand is gone:
Dies the sunset's crimson beauty,
Comes the twilight as of yore,
All remind me of the dear one,
Lost to me for evermore.

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," etc., etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 46, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ATTACK.

It was Sunday evening, and several days subsequent to the arrival of Mr. Blair. In the large dining-room at Dane Castle he sat, Lord Dane with him. Both gentleman had finished their wine, but the decanters and dessert remained on the table. They were in earnest conversation, when suddenly one of the windows was shaken, and Lord Dane rose hastily, pulled aside the white blind, the curtains not being closed, and found himself face to face with Mr. Shad, the glass only between them. He had mounted the iron railings outside, and was standing on the spikes, leaning forward, and holding on by the frame of the window.

"You young imp!" uttered Lord Dane, as he drew back the window, which opened in the middle, after the manner of the French, "what the deuce brings you here?"

"They're a-coming on this very night, my lard—I know they is," cried Shad, his face working with excitement. "They're in the wood now, and a-tying black crape to their hats; I see 'em a-tying of 'em on, and I thought I'd come and tell ye."

Mr. Blair was by the side of Lord Dane, and he seized the boy and deposited him inside the room.

"I see the 'lumination in this here parlor," proceeded Shad, "and made bold to get up and look if it was your lardship in it, but the blind hindered me. I was afeared to go to the big gates, for the servants would on'y ha drov me back again."

"How many did you see?" asked Mr. Blair.

"I see four. Two tall and two short," answered Shad. "There was the three what I heered a-planning of the thing days back, and the 'tother, the tallest of all, was like—; I didn't see his face, though," he broke off. "He was a-sitting down all the time, and the black afore his nose."

"How can you tell that he was tall, if he were sitting down?" demanded Mr. Blair.

"'Cause he was," was Shad's reply. "I twigged his long legs."

"Who were you going to say he was like?"

"Well, I never heered him speak, and I never see him get up—but he was like Will Lester."

"Nonsense!" angrily interposed Lord Dane. "What should Wilfred Lester want breaking into my house? The boy's a fool, Blair, and has always been considered one. Do you think it was Lydney?" he sharply added, turning to Shad.

Now the boy was not a fool; he had a vast deal too much cunning to be a fool, and that cunning he was incessantly calling into requisition. It did not in the least matter to Shad whether the silent gentleman in the disguising crape might be Mr. Lydney or Mr. Wilfred Lester; his opinion was that it was the latter; but as the suggestion appeared to give offence to Lord Dane, who would evidently be better pleased to hear that it was Lydney, Shad's cunning prompted him to veer round.

"Well, I dunno," said he, with admirable simplicity. "Lydney's tall, too, he is; and I think the man was broad, here," touching his chest, "like Lydney's is. Yes, I does think he looked more like Lydney. 'Twas the leggins made me think o' Will Lester; but I see Lydney with a pair on, one day."

"Safe to be Lydney," murmured Lord Dane in the ear of Mr. Blair. And the latter nodded.

"What did you hear?" he asked of Shad.

"I didn't hear nothing, sir. They warn't a talking, above a odd word 'bout the veils; and I cut off, and left 'em, to tell his lardship."

Mr. Blair spoke for a moment in an undertone with Lord Dane, and then gingerly lifted Shad out at the window again, on to the spikes, telling him to jump down. Lord Dane addressed the boy:

"You go home at once, to bed, Shad. You are not wanted, and there might be a danger, you know, of your getting shot, in mistake for one of the thieves, if you lingered near the castle. If these men get dropped upon through your information, you shall have such a reward as you have never seen in your life. Make the best of your way home."

Away tore Shad, as if in a hurry of obedience. But the moment he was beyond view of the castle, he stopped dead, threw up his arms, capered with his feet; performed, in short, all sorts of antics, and spoke out with his tongue:

"Go home to bed, my lard says! Not I; I hain't agoing to bed; I'd like to see the fun. And as if I didn't know Will Lester, though he have got the black crape over his face! He——"

Shad found himself pinioned. Strolling about and smoking a cigar, was Mr. Lydney, close to whom Shad had been unconsciously dancing, and who had heard his words.

"What is that about Will Lester and black crape, Shad?"

Shad began to howl. He was agoing home to his granny's to bed, he was.

"You little hypocrite!" exclaimed Mr. Lydney, "do I want to hurt you, do you suppose? Look here, Shad, you cannot play the simpleton with me, so just put off that idiotic folly. I ask you what you meant, when you alluded to Wilfred Lester's having black crape over his face, and I ask *to know*. If you don't choose to tell me, I will take you off now to the police-station, and you shall tell them. What fun is going on to-night? I heard all you said, and that Lord Dane had ordered you home to bed. Did you ever see a sovereign, Shad?"

"I have seed 'em," returned Shad, with a stress on the "seed."

"Would you like to possess one?"

"Oh!" aspirated Shad, in trembling delight, his mouth beginning to water.

"I said I would give you sixpence if you told me the truth about that box; I believe you did tell me the truth, and I gave it you. Tell me now the truth of what is agate, touching Mr. Wilfred Lester, and I will give you a gold sovereign."

For that tempting bait Shad would have sold Danesheld and everybody in it, himself included. But Shad was somewhat puzzled. If this was the night of the grand expedition, and Mr. Lydney was strolling about enjoying idleness and a cigar, he could not be in it, as had been surmised. Shad's cunning came to the rapid conclusion that he was *not* in it, and that they had been under a mistake in supposing so.

"I daredn't tell," said he, "I'm afeared as you'd tell on me again, and they'd kill me dead, some of 'em."

"You may trust my word, Shad, better than I can trust yours; I will not tell upon you. See how bright it looks."

Mr. Lydney struck a fusee, took a sovereign from his pocket, and held the light close to it. The attraction was irresistible, and Shad speedily made a clean breast of it, and put Mr. Lydney into possession of as much as he knew himself.

"The castle was a-going to be broke into that night, and the plate chest stoled," was its substance.

"It is not possible that Wilfred Lester would join in an expedition of that sort!" debated Mr. Lydney in incredulity. "It's not possible, I say, Shad."

"I see 'em; they be a-tying the black crape over their faces at this very time," was Shad's eager rejoinder. "There's Drake and Nicholson, and Ben Beecher; and Will Lester was a-sitting down, ready. My lard broke out upon me sharp, a-saying it warn't him; he said it was you."

"Lord Dane said it was I!" repeated Mr. Lydney.

"Leastways," cried Shad, retracting, lest he might be getting himself into hot water, "he said, 'Was it Mr. Lydney or was it Will Lester?' 'cause both was tall. So I said as I couldn't speak to neither of 'em for certain, when I see it angered him. As if I didn't know Will Lester!"

After some further colloquy, Shad was dismissed, and Mr. Lydney remained in a state of the utmost perplexity and discomposure. That Wilfred Lester had joined in certain night expeditions of the poachers, touching game, he had made himself only too sure; but that he would rush madly into crime, was incomprehensible. One of two things was certain; he must have lost his senses, or become utterly reckless.

How could he, Lydney, prevent its taking place? at any rate prevent Lester's joining in it? It was indispensable he should be prevented, not only for his own sake, but for his family's; and a deep flush rose to Mr. Lydney's brow, as he thought of the terrible disgrace it would reflect on Maria, should her brother be taken and tried for housebreaking. As he thus mused, he became conscious that several policemen were passing him, not together, but singly, and at different times, as if not to attract observation; the connection of their errand flashed into his mind—they were going up to guard the castle? All that he could do was to follow them, place himself in a position that would command the approach to the castle, watch for the appearance of the robbers, and intercept Wilfred Lester.

The only retainer of Lord Dane's who had been made privy to the expected attack, was Bruff. The rest had been suffered to retire quietly to rest, night after night, unconscious that any armed force was at watch in the castle. Suffer it to be known to them, and it would no longer be a secret in Danesheld, was the argument of Mr. Blair; in which case the attack would not take place. On this Sunday night the police were admitted privately as usual; the household went to bed; but Lord Dane, Mr. Blair, and Bruff remained up. Mr. Blair told the officers that the attack was expected.

They waited and waited; the men at their appointed posts, Mr. Blair anywhere and everywhere, Lord Dane and Bruff in excitement; they waited, and waited on. The clock struck one.

"It is very strange they don't come!" muttered Mr. Blair.

Suddenly shots were heard in the wood at a distance, and the men came stealthily out of their hiding places; Lord Dane and Bruff also rushed into the hall.

"Back, every one of you!" was the stern order of Mr. Blair. "It is coming on now."

"They have met with some obstacle, and are fighting it out in the woods," exclaimed Lord Dane. "Hark at the shots."

"Back, I say, all of you!" was the reiterated order of the detective. "Those shots are a *ruse* to draw the attention of the keepers from the castle should any be near it. I expected something of the sort. They'll be here directly, now. Back; and silence; and whatever you may hear or see, let none stir forth till I give the signal."

Back they cowered, and the castle returned to silence. And still they waited and waited on.

Lydney also waited in his place of ambush. Like those within, he wondered what was keeping the villains. He heard the town clock strike one; and, not long after, he heard the shots in the wood. It did not occur to him to take the view of them that the detective had done, and they disturbed him much; but he could not quit his present post. It was a muggy, disagreeable, damp night; the early part of it had been clear, but the weather was changing—anything but a pleasant night to remain on the watch in the open air.

Suddenly a noise stole on his ear; not, however, a sound of the covert footsteps of more than one, as he was expecting, but of one pair of boy's feet scampering over the ground with all possible haste

and noise. Mr. Lydney looked out and encountered Shad.

"So you are here! instead of having gone home to bed!"

"Don't hold on me then, please, sir," panted Shad, who was out of breath. "I'm going to the castle to tell Lord Dane. I know he's up a-waiting."

"To tell him what?"

"'Tain't the castle they be on to. It's the hall."

"What?" screamed Lydney.

"They've a-broke into it; they be in it now. I've been a-dodging on to 'em all night, and they be gone right into the hall, 'stead o' coming here. They took a pane out at one o' the windors."

All that had been dark grew clear to Lydney. Wilfred Lester was after the DEED—the deed relating to his property, which his father withheld from him. He had persuaded these men into the expedition, and *they*, no doubt, were after doing a little private business on their own account, touching the plate chest. And this was correct. When Shad had heard, or partially heard, the planning, he had mistakenly concluded that the castle was the object, never giving a thought to the hall. The castle, however, had never been threatened. And Wilfred Lester (but this need scarcely be observed) was not cognizant of the men's intentions to *steal*. He purposed and believed that the abstraction would be confined to the deed. He looked upon that as his own, and deemed he was committing no sin to take it, under the circumstances of its being so unjustly and unlawfully denied him.

With a half cry of dismay, Lydney sped towards the hall; but, ere he had gone a yard, he stopped and grasped Shad.

"You must not go to the castle, Shad; there's no need to acquaint Lord Dane with this. I will not have you go there."

Shad lifted his cunning and covetous eyes.

"They be on the watch, they be; and if I goes and tells his lardship as that lot hain't a coming, maybe he'll give me a half-a-crown."

"And a pretty thing you'd do!" returned Mr. Lydney, meeting cunning with cunning. "You would put them off their guard at the castle; and how do you know 'that lot,' as you call them, may not take a turn up there, after they have done with the hall? Would Lord Dane reward you for that?"

Shad opened his eyes. The notion had not struck him.

"You be quiet, Shad, that is all you have to do. Be entirely silent as to the doings of this night, and especially as to Wilfred Lester; if I find that you are, I will do something better for you even than the sovereign."

He flew towards the hall, as he concluded, and Shad followed more slowly after him.

Lydney seemed to gain the hall in no time. He passed through the gates, and stood there to reconnoitre, before approaching close. The house seemed silent as the grave; nothing could be seen, nothing heard; the blinds appeared drawn before the windows, and the inmates were no doubt sleeping peacefully. Lydney began to question whether that iniquitous Shad had deceived him, when he was startled by the loud report of a pistol inside, and at the same moment some object seemed to come forth from the hall door and disappear among the shrubs; but who or what he could not decide. He darted forward to the house and entered it, his head full of Wilfred Lester, his ill-conduct, and his danger.

Shad had not used deceit. The men were in. Drake had entered by means of the window, had then opened the back door and admitted the rest. They waited and listened when they were fairly in; but not a mouse seemed stirring—nothing but the beating of their own hearts.

Silently went Wilfred Lester to his father's study, the others with him; and silently he applied himself to open the safe, where his father had told him the deed was deposited. He had come armed with a key to unlock it harmlessly, so that no discovery should be made of its having been opened by unfair means. Drake kept the room-door against surprise, Ben Beecher held the light, and Nicholson did nothing.

It may wondered that Wilfred Lester should enlist three men in the expedition, when plunder was not the object, and there would be no booty to carry off; but the men had obstinately refused to go with him singly: all would risk it and stand by each other if surprised, or none. Young Lester yielded in his recklessness.

Strange objects they looked there, on that dark, midnight expedition, the black crape disguising their faces. The safe was soon opened; but there appeared a mass of papers within, and Wilfred could not get at the deed without search. Other deeds were there: other papers: some tied with red tape, some sealed, some unfastened. They were disposed of in order, and there was no difficulty in looking them over—only it took time.

He came to one: "Will of George Lester, Esquire;" and the temptation to tear it open and read it was great: he felt sure he was disinherited: that he, the heir by right of birth, had been discarded for Lady Adelaide's children; but he resisted the impulse, and threw it aside with an angry and hasty word. Presently he came to the one he wanted; his own name on the back guided him to the right parchment, and he clutched it with a suppressed shout of joy.

"All right, boys! I have it at last!"

There was a murmur of congratulation given under their breath; and Wilfred began putting in order again the papers he had disturbed. While doing this, Robertson and Drake attempted to steal out of the room. Wilfred turned to them.

"Where are you going? Stop where you are!"

"Why, you'd never go to begrudge us a snack of bread and cheese, and a draught of beer?" returned Drake. "We shall find it in the pantry, and 'twon't be missed."

"You know the bargain," said Wilfred Lester, in suppressed anger. "Nothing must be touched in the house; no, not a crust of bread; they shall not have it to say that we came in like thieves, for common plunder."

"I'll take a stroll through it, at any rate," answered Drake, hardily. "And as to not touching a bit and a sup, if I see it——"

"I will shoot the first man who lays his finger upon anything in my father's house, no matter what it may be," was the stern interruption of young Lester, as he drew his pistol. "Drake! Nicholson! you know the agreement, I say. I have promised you a reward for helping me; and having secured the deed, I shall be able to pay it you; but the house and its contents must remain intact."

They were callous, bold men, and not to be balked in that way. Having entered on the expedition with their own views of self-benefit, it was little likely they would be turned from them. A low whisper of conversation went on between Drake and Nicholson; something to the effect that they must accomplish their purpose by stratagem, rather than come to an open broil with Wilfred Lester *there* and *then*; and they debated how best to work it. Wilfred, meanwhile, continued to arrange the papers in the safe; it was soon done, and he closed the door again, and locked it.

"Now then," said he, "to get out as cleverly as we came in."

That was easier said than done, for more reasons than one. Wilfred Lester quitted the study, with his companions, and locked the door, leaving the key in the lock as he had found it.

"We'll go out at the hall-door," he whispered, pointing to it; "it is more handy, and I know the fastenings."

Stealing over the oil-cloth, he gained it, undid the bolts, drew it cautiously open about an inch, and looked round. The men stood as he had left them; not one following him; and Beecher was putting the candle on a bracket that rested against the wall.

"I tell you what it is, Master Lester," whispered Drake, who appeared to be more ready with his tongue than the others, "we have helped you on to your ends, and you must help us on to ours; or if you won't help, you must wink at 'em. We come into this house with a resolve to pay ourselves, or we shouldn't be here at all, and you may as well hear the truth, and make no bones over it. If we takes away but a spoon a piece, we will take it, for we don't go empty handed."

Wilfred Lester's reply was to raise his pistol and cock it—not to fire upon them, but to coerce them to withdraw under fear that he would. Ben Beecher, believing life was in danger, stepped close and threw up Lester's arm. The pistol went off; the bullet shattering the glass of a door at the back of the hall.

"Fools!" bitterly exclaimed Wilfred Lester; "save yourselves, and be quick over it. Fools! fools!"

He sped through the hall door, leaving it open for them to follow, and darted amidst the shrubs, on his right hand, whence he could readily gain the road by scaling the iron rails. Nicholson and Beecher would have escaped with him, but Drake seized hold of both.

"Don't show yourselves what he called ye—fools," cried he, in a hoarse whisper. "We may get the forks yet; if they be sleeping sound, that shot mayn't have roused 'em. Wait and see; plenty of time to get off then."

But an interruption took place at that moment that they did not bargain for. The hall-door was pushed wider, and in rushed a tall man. But that there was no crape on his face, they might have thought it young Lester come back again. He came close up to them, and they saw it was Lydney.

"You misguided, miserable men!" he uttered in agitation. "Where's Wilfred Lester?"

Before they could frame an answer—whether it would have been one of civility, repulsion or attack—Nicholson's eye caught sight of something white on the staircase, and a human face staring at them through the balustrades. It was in a crouching position, and might have been there some time. The sound of the pistol had also done its work; doors were being opened and shut in consternation.

"It's all over!" stamped Drake. "A race for it now, boys."

"Wilfred Lester?" panted Lydney in emotion. "Is he in the house, or not?"

"Not. I swear it. I won't deceive you, Mr. Lydney; he escaped as you came in." It was Beecher who answered.

Now, all this, since young Lester's egress, though it may seem to take time in telling, had really been the work of but a few instants; but the noise was already great, for the figure on the stairs—a female, by her voice—began screaming and shrieking fearfully. The men rushed through the door; and Lydney rushed after them in his pursuit of Wilfred Lester.

"What in the name of confusion is the matter?" was heard above the hubbub in the voice of Squire Lester, as he descended in pantaloons and slippers, while a crowd of timid ones aroused out of their sleep—ladies, domestics, children—cowered in the rear. And the female on the stairs, who was no other than Tiffie, sobbed out in answer:

"It's a crowd of villyans with blackened faces, broke in to murder us."

With all possible speed, Squire Lester and his men-servants made seach. But the "villyans" were gone.

Exceedingly surprised, not to say discomfited, was the great London detective, Mr. Blair, to find that while he had snugly made all preparations for the defence of the castle, that edifice had been left to repose in security, and the hall had suffered the attack. Lord Dane was far more confounded to hear of it; for it sent all his calculations out to sea. What could Lydney want at the hall? he could not expect to find his box there; and it was hardly to be supposed he broke in to steal Miss Lester. Nothing had been missed, nothing displaced in the house; Squire Lester testified that he did not believe a thing had been touched; therefore robbery had scarcely been the object. But of course the outrage must be investigated.

It is the custom in some parts of England for country magistrates to hold examinations of prisoners, when in a preliminary stage, at their own houses. Whether it be in strict accordance with law is another matter. Country justices, especially in remote districts, pay more attention to convenience than law.

About eleven o'clock on Monday morning, there was a gathering at Squire Lester's to inquire into the night's outrage. Lord Dane, Mr. Blair, a neighboring magistrate or two, and the squire himself, were present; Lady Adelaide and Maria, the latter with a face of emotion, now crimson, now white; Inspector Young and a policeman; Mr. Apperly, who had been sent for; and—having obeyed the mandate to attend, half-request, half-command, borne from Mr. Lester by Inspector Young—William Lydney. That it was not a strictly official inquiry, only an irregular one, the reader will understand, by the ladies being present. There was no appearance of a court; they came in as morning guests might do, and took their seats anywhere; some stood. Maria held some embroidery in her hand and made a show of working at it; Lady Adelaide did nothing, save hold a screen between the fire and her delicate face. Mr. Blair appeared merely as a friend of Lord Dane's. He took no part in the proceedings, and his real character was unsuspected. The last to enter was Lydney, accompanied by Inspector Young; he looked exceedingly grave, not to say troubled, as he approached Mr. Lester, though as little like a housebreaker as it was possible to conceive. His elegant form, in its plain, gentlemanly morning-costume, was drawn to its full height; it would seem that he might suspect the accusation to be made against him, and would not abate one jot of his dignity; very attractive did his high, pale features look that morning.

"I have been favored by a message from you, Mr. Lester, desiring my attendance here," he began, after saluting Lady Adelaide and Maria, and the rest of the company generally. "May I request to know for what purpose?"

"Yes, sir," dryly replied Mr. Lester. "You may be aware that my house was broken into early this morning. I am about—in conjunction with my Lord Dane, and some of my brother-magistrates—to make some inquiry into it; and, from circumstances which have transpired, we deem it right that you should be present at the sitting. Are you ready to be so, of your own free-will?"

"Perfectly ready," replied Mr. Lydney.

"Good!" said the squire. "Otherwise we must have compelled your attendance."

Now, it must be remembered that none save those in the secret knew of the suspected attack on Dane Castle. Mr. Lester and his brother-magistrates were in ignorance of it; the police, receiving their orders from Mr. Blair, did not mention it—Mr. Blair forbidding it at the earnest request of Lord Dane. Certainly the preparations for defence, and the posting the police inside could have had nothing to do with the attack on the hall. Lord Dane strongly urged on Mr. Blair that the three men, spoken of by Shad, should not be told upon, and he spoke with all the high authority vested in the county's lord-lieutenant; to such authority the officer could do little else but bow. In the first place, urged Lord Dane, nobody was sure that they were the men, they had only the word of that little liar, Shad, for it. In the second place, even if they were the men, they had, beyond doubt, been beguiled by that traitor, Lydney—whom it would be much more in accordance with justice to punish for the whole. Thus, it occurred that nothing was likely to transpire beyond the fact of the actual entrance into the hall. Shad was not alluded to in the business, and the only person who appeared likely to give evidence was Tiffie.

Tiffie was introduced to the drawing-room, curtseying, ambling and shuffling. Squire Lester desired her to speak out what she knew to Lord Dane and the magistrates.

"I retired to rist last night, my lord," began Tiffie, choosing to address his lordship particularly, "and what the reason was, I am inable to say; but the more I tried to get to sleep, the more pertineshously I lay awake. Well, my lord, it was getting on, I'm sure, for two o'clock, when I started up in bed, a-thinking I heard something downstairs. The flurry it put me in is undescriptable, and I went out of my room to listen. If ever I heered voices in the hall, I heered 'em then; I thought some of the household had got downstairs at their pranks—for a tight hand I'm obliged to keep over the servants in this house—and I crept to the last flight and peeped through the bannisters. I never could have done it if I had known, but I no more thought of bulgarious robbers being in the hall than——"

"What did you see or hear?" interrupted Lord Dane.

"My lord, I saw this. I saw three horrid marauders with their faces blackened, and I saw another which I couldn't distinguish nothing of but his coat-tails a-whisking out at the hall-door. Then, or whether it was just before it I can't be sure, a dreadful pistol went off, and I nearly fainted. I wouldn't faint, however; I come-to; knowing the family's lives were at stake, and I looked down again, and there I saw the man whisk into the hall again, and I'm sorry to say"—Tiffie coughed and dropped her voice—"that it was Mr. Lydney."

There was a dead pause.

"What next?" said Lord Dane.

"My lord, nothing. Except that they all four, him, and the black bulgarians, talked together for a minute, and then they blew out the candle which had been flaring, level with their heads, and tore away, one trying to get off faster than another."

Mr. Lydney glanced round at Maria. She sat there with a white face, her hands clasped. He smiled at her; it did not look like the smile of a guilty man.

"You hear?" exclaimed Squire Lester.

"I do hear," replied Mr. Lydney.

"Can you offer any explanation?"

"I swear it was him," broke forth Tiffie. "If he denies it he will commit perjury. I saw him as plain as I see him now. I didn't know the others, because their faces were deguised in black, but his was not."

"I did enter your house last night, Mr. Lester, but only once," he calmly said. "If a person went out of it, before I came in, as your servant testifies, it was not myself."

Every soul present appeared struck with consternation at the boldness of the avowal. When the sensation had subsided, Lord Dane inquired haughtily if he could plead any thing in justification.

"If you will allow me five-minutes' conversation with you in private, Mr. Lester," said Lydney, turning to that gentleman, "I will enter upon my justification. Probably you may deem it a satisfactory one."

Mr. Lester repulsed the request indignantly. He was not accustomed to grant private interviews to midnight burglars. Had Lydney any thing to say, he must speak out.

"Then I have no resource but to be silent," observed Mr. Lydney, after a pause of thought. "Nevertheless I am innocent of any offence."

"You have called yourself a gentleman," cynically remarked Lord Dane.

And Lydney took a step forward and threw his head back with dignity.

"I am at least as much of a gentleman as your lordship—in all points," was the firm answer. "Possibly, did we come to examine and compare rank and rights, I should take precedence of you."

The whole room, save one, resented the speech, and were ready to cudgel Lydney for the insult to my Lord Dane.

"Let it pass," said his lordship, good-naturedly. "I can afford it. Will you make out the warrant for his committal, Mr. Apperly?"

"For my committal!" interrupted Lydney, half angry, half inclined to laugh. "Committal where? and for what?"

"To the police station for the present, while we look after your companions, and for the crime of breaking into Daneshold Hall," sharply spoke Squire Lester.

"This is beyond a joke," cried Lydney. "You cannot possibly suppose I broke into it, or was one of those who did?"

"Silence, sir!" said Lord Dane. "The opportunity of explanation was offered you, and you declined to make use of it."

Lydney remained silent, not in obedience to his lordship, but for self-communing.

The warrant for his committal was made out, and Inspector Young laid his hand upon him.

"You are my prisoner, William Lydney."

Then Mr. Lydney roused himself and appeared as though he would have entered upon his justification, but, as he was turning to Mr. Lester, his eyes rested on Maria, and it seemed to change his intention. He hesitated, and finally remained silent.

"You need not touch me," he quietly said to Inspector Young, "I will yield to your authority. But do not treat me as if I were guilty."

The audience was broken up, and the room rose. In the confusion William Lydney found himself near Miss Lester. There was a whole world of sincerity, of truth, in his smile of tenderness.

"Appearances are dark just now, Maria," he whispered. "Can you trust me still?"

"I trust you more than ever, William. I will trust you through all," she answered, fervently.

"It shall be well repaid, my darling."

And Inspector Young called him and marshaled him forth, an ignominious prisoner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIONS AT DINNER.

BY AN AFRICAN TRAVELER.

I once had the pleasure of, unobserved myself, watching a lion family feeding. I was encamped on the Black Unifolsi, Zululand, and towards evening, expecting a friend, I went out to meet him, and instead of taking a gun, which I should have done ninety-nine times out of one hundred, I only took up one of the Kaffir's spears, not intending to go over a couple of hundred yards. However, not meeting my friend, I went about half a mile from camp. I saw a herd of zebras galloping toward me, and when they were nearly two hundred yards off, I saw a yellow body flash toward the leader, and saw him fall beneath the lion's weight. There was a tall tree about sixty yards from the place, and anxious to see what went on, I stalked up to it while the lion was too much occupied to look about him, and climbed up. He had by this time quite killed the beautifully striped animal, but instead of proceeding to eat it, he got up and roared vigorously, until there was an answer, and in a few minutes a lioness, accompanied by four whelps, came trotting up from the same direction as the zebra, which no doubt she had been to drive toward her husband.

They formed a fine picture as they all stood around the carcass, the whelps tearing and biting at it, but unable to get through the tough skin. Then the lion lay down, and the lioness, driving her offspring before her, did the same four or five yards off, upon which he got up and commenced to eat, and had soon finished a hind leg, retiring a few yards on one side as soon as he had done so. The lioness came up next, and tore the carcass to shreds, bolting huge mouthfuls, but not objecting to the whelps eating as much as they could find. There was a good deal of snarling among the young lions and occasionally a stand-up fight for a minute, but their mother did not take any notice of them, except to give them a smart blow with her paw if they got in her way. At last one of the whelps having probably eaten as much as it could gorge, began to wander about, and in a few minutes came away. Seeing it so near, the idea of catching it entered my head, and descending to the lower branch I waited till it came underneath and dropped down over it, seizing it with both hands; but I had counted without my host; the little beast snarled and bit and tore my bare arms in such a fashion that I was glad to fling it away and scuttle up a tree as fast as I could, out of the way of the enraged mother, who was coming down at full galop, her tail carried out straight behind, and looking the very personification of fury. She rushed right against the tree in her blind fury, and then running up, glared at me, and roared terribly. I might easily enough have sent my spear into her; but as there was not the faintest chance of killing her, and it would answer no useful purpose, I refrained, and watched her instead, as she flew at her offspring and drove it, yelling at her rough treatment, towards the others. There was now left of the zebra but a few bones, which hundreds of vultures were circling round waiting to pick, while almost an equal number hopped awkwardly on the ground within fifty or sixty yards of it; and the whole lion family walked quietly away, the lioness leading, and the lion, often turning his head to see that they were not followed, bringing up the rear.

A GOLDEN MOTTO.—"I count only the hours that are serene," is the motto of a sun-dial near Venice. There is a softness and a harmony in the words and in the thought unparalleled. Of all conceits it is surely the most classical. "I count only the hours that are serene." What a bland and care-dispelling feeling! How the shadows seem to fade on the dial-plate as the sky lowers, and time presents only a blank unless as its progress is marked by what is joyous, and all that is not happy sinks into oblivion! What a fine lesson is conveyed to the mind—to take no note of time but by its benefits, to watch only for the smiles and neglect the frowns of fate, to compose our lives of bright and gentle moments, turning always to the sunny side of things, and letting the rest slip from our imaginations, unheeded or forgotten! How different from the common art of self-tormenting!

Agricultural Notes.

RELATIVE VALUE OF CORN AND WHEAT.—The *Kansas Farmer* says a breeder of hogs in that State took one hundred hogs and put fifty in pens and fed corn, and fifty and fed wheat, with the following result: Those with corn made eleven pounds per bushel; the fifty with wheat made seventeen pounds of good solid pork per bushel of wheat. The wheat was ground like meal, boiling water poured over it, and then let stand forty-two hours.

HEALTH OF FARMERS.—The Massachusetts Board of Health is out with its fourth annual report, in which is to be found an interesting paper on the longevity of the farmer's life. It says the evidence collected from country physicians throughout the State for the last twenty-eight years, shows that the average length of the life of a farmer in that State, is fifty-five and a fourth years. This is much longer than that of any other class of citizens.

To kill cabbage worms, says the *Country Gentleman*, fill a watering pot with boiling water, and sprinkle the infested leaves only for a second or two. It does its work very quickly on the worms. But the leaves being thick are not heated or injured. The older the heads become the less danger. The operator must practice and spoil a few plants to save the rest. The water by the time it reaches the plants, will be several degrees below boiling.

PROFESSOR CHARLES V. RILEY, State Entomologist of Missouri, has been telling the Science Convention at Detroit of his experience in eating grasshoppers. He says that the flavor is agreeable. Fried or roasted in their own oil, they have a "pleasant, nutty taste." Broiled or stewed, they are "admirable." At the hotel where he experimented, many of the guests ate the messes which he prepared, and were quite fond of the soups, fricassees and fritters mainly composed of grasshoppers. Prof. Riley describes the use of locusts as food by various people in all ages. In Morocco they are roasted and sold extensively in the market places; in southern Russia they are commonly eaten; some of the African tribes subsist to a great extent upon them; and they are utilized by American Indians. This part of his argument meant to be of practical value is that if the Western farmers would eat the grasshoppers, the grasshoppers couldn't eat the crops.

ASPARAGUS AND CELERY.—A medical correspondent of an English journal says that the advantages of asparagus are not sufficiently appreciated. Those who suffer with rheumatism are cured in a few days by feeding on this delicious esculent; and more chronic cases are much relieved, especially if the patient avoids all acids, whether in food or beverage. The Jerusalem artichoke has a similar effect in relieving rheumatism. It may be well to remark that most plants which grow naturally near the sea coast contain more or less iodine, and in all rheumatic complaints iodine has long been a favorite remedy. One who has been in the drug business told the writer some years ago that many of the popular patent nostrums which some disinterested people—"for the good of their fellow creatures"—sold at two dollars a bottle, consisted simply of a few cents worth of iodine in solution. Iodine is dangerous, however, in overdoses, affecting especially the eye.

DECAYED LEAVES FOR FLOWERING PLANTS.—Leaf-mould, and wood-dirt and fine muck are just what growing flowers need. Decayed leaves, says the *Prairie Farmer*, are largely used in potting and for hot-bed soil. For potting purposes leaves from soft wood, such as fruit trees, soft maple, cottonwood, elm and the like are preferred, because they can, by sufficient care in moistening, turning and mixing, be made into a fine mould in a single season, whereas two seasons with hard wood leaves would be required. Hard wood leaves are generally employed for potting purposes, not because (for the majority of plants) the mould is superior to that made from soil leaves, but the leaves are generally made to do double duty—first, to heat up beds covered with hot-bed sashes, in which many half-hardy plants are plunged and kept over winter, also for common hot-beds, after which they are heaped and stirred until they are rotted into a fine mould. Their great value for heating purposes is in their more gentle and lasting heat. Oak leaves are the most durable; and consequently when moderate but long-continued heat is wanted, as in wintering over young cabbages, cauliflowers, half-hardy roses and the like, they are best. But exclusively for hot-bed purposes, as in bringing forward early plants, one-fourth part of unfermented horse manure should be mixed with the leaves at the time of making up the beds to give the more active heat required.

CAPABILITIES OF AN ACRE.—J. M. Smith, a market gardener of Green Bay, furnishes some interesting statements of his experiments in high culture. He has found the rule invariable, not a single exception, that the more he has spent in cultivating and manuring the greater have been the net profits per acre. Last season he cultivated fourteen acres, and began with a more extensive and expensive cultivation than ever before. The result was, that, although there was a "terrific drought," one of the driest seasons ever known in that region, after spending $3,986, or $384 per acre, he had a better balance than for any previous year. He appears to regard constant cultivation, especially through drought, in connection with copious manuring, as all important. Stable manure is the standard; with such use of superphosphates, plaster, lime, ashes, and other manures, as experience and sense point out. "After you have learned how to spend money to the best advantage," he remarks, "a larger profit can be made by laying out $300 per acre than with less. After the second year if your land does not pay all its expenses, taxes, and ten per cent. of $1,000 per acre, something is wrong somewhere. I have some acres of land that did not pay expenses for two years, but for a number of years have not failed to pay me ten per cent. on at least $3,000 per acre. I expect my whole garden to do more than that in a short time." He adds that he is now aiming at 1,000 bushels of onions per acre, then a crop of carrots or turnips, or 500 bushels of early potatoes; or, if strawberries, 12,800 quarts, or 400 bushels per acre. This amount of strawberries is not wholly impossible, as we have known under our own observation this rate on two-thirds of an acre.

RECEIPTS GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

PRESERVING SPONGES.—If a sponge becomes slimy and hard, washing it in milk will put it all right again; washing it in buttermilk or whey will make it as good as new.

TO PREVENT MOULDINESS IN INK.—One and a half dozen cloves (more or less, according to the size of the bottle) bruised with gum arabic are to be put into the bottle.

TO CLEAN SILVER ARTICLES.—Wash them first with warm water and soap, and afterwards polish them with pure whitening and a piece of soft leather dipped in whisky.

TO CLEAN BOOTS AND SHOES OF ENAMELED LEATHER.—Water is sufficient to remove any dirt which impairs the gloss on enameled leather. It may afterward be rubbed with a dry flannel.

TO MAKE BOOTS WATERPROOF.—Yellow beeswax, Burgundy pitch and turpentine, of each two ounces; boiled linseed oil, one pint. Apply to the boot with the hands before the fire till well saturated.

TO PRESERVE FRUIT-JELLIES.—Fruit-jellies may be preserved from mouldiness by covering the surface one-fourth of an inch deep with finely-pulverized loaf-sugar. Thus protected they will keep in good condition for a number of years.

DRYING SWEET CORN.—Pull the corn when it is in soft roasting ears, husk and cut from the cob; put in pans and place them in the oven, let it heat until it looks clear, then take it out and place it in the dry-house or around the stove. Never allow corn to dry in the sun.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM MOURNING DRESSES.—Boil a handful of fig-leaves in two quarts of water until reduced to a pint. Bombazines, crape, cloth, etc., need only be rubbed with a sponge dipped in this liquor, and the effect will be instantly produced.

TO WASH CURTAINS.—Lace curtains should be soaked two or three days in warm water, by which process they are so much cleansed that very little rubbing is needful. All attempts to iron lace stretch it entirely out of shape. The curtains should be spread smoothly upon the floor of a spare room, clean sheets having been laid down; pin them to the sheets to keep in place, and allow to remain till dry.

TO PRESERVE GRAPES.—Take the grapes off the stems and wash them, separate the pulp from the skins and put in different dishes; heat the pulp boiling hot and strain through a cloth to take out the seeds, then put the juice and skins together, and weigh. If you wish to put your preserves in air-tight cans, three-fourths of a pound of sugar to a pound of grapes is enough; if not, use a pound of sugar to each pound of grapes; cook about fifteen minutes.

News of Interest

THE Michigan farmers now shear their sheep by horse power.

ONE of the suburbs of Evansville, Ind., rejoices in the suggestive title of Baby-town.

ONE of the sporting events on the river Nile in September will be a contest with a team of crocodiles.

A MOVEMENT is on foot in England for the abolition of the custom of wearing mourning in memory of the dead.

UNCLE SAM, the past year, has managed to live within his income, his receipts exceeding his expenditures by $13,370,038.

SWIMMING is an adopted branch of public school education in England, and in London there are no less than 5,000 children of both sexes taught to swim.

ST. PETER'S at Rome holds 54,000 people; the Milan cathedral holds 37,000; St. Paul's at Rome holds 25,000; St. Sophia at Constantinople holds 23,000; Notre Dame at Paris holds 21,000; the cathedral at Pisa holds 13,000, and San Marco at Venice holds 7,000.

A MAN of Sandy Hill, New York, predicts that the world will be destroyed July 4th, 1876. He bases his cheerful view on Isaiah, LXV chapter, 17th verse, "For the child shall die a hundred years old." The "child" he considers to be Uncle Sam, and when he dies the rest of the world will give it up, to, and step out also. This will spoil the Centennial.

THE railroad with its iron way and civilizing influences, is extending all over the world. Cape Colony, Africa, has some 800 miles now in course of construction, at a cost of $20,000,000, whilst in New Zealand, there are 500 miles of railroad now building, and 360 more authorized. India, however, is far in advance of the other English colonies, having 5,872 miles of road open, and 1,027 in course of completion.

THE greatest trotting match on record, took place at Rochester, this month, between Goldsmith Maid, American Girl, Lulu and Nettie. The first heat was won by Goldsmith Maid in 2.15½, with American Girl second, Lulu third, and Nettie fourth. The second heat was won by Lulu in 2.10½, beating the Maid by half a length, Nettie third, Girl fourth. The third heat was won by Lulu in 2.15½, a length and a half ahead of the Maid, Nettie third, Girl last. The fourth heat and race was won by Lulu in 2.17, leading the Maid by the head only, Girl third, Nettie last.

"Children's Lives Saved for 50 Cents."

EVERY CASE OF CROUP CAN BE Cured when first taken by Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, warranted for 27 years, and never a bottle returned. It also cures Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, and External Pains. Sold by the druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

There is no Excuse

For a lady appearing in society with her face covered with freckles, tan and other disfigurement which the skin is liable to, while they can obtain a harmless toilet preparation for effectually removing all such blemishes. Ask your druggists for a bottle of G. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." You will be surprised and delighted with the effect it will produce. After using a short time it will leave the skin soft, smooth, clear and radiant in beauty.

Depot, 6 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.

Saturday Evening, Sept. 18, 1875.

☞ Mr. J. F. Foster, No. 9 Milk street, Boston, Mass., has severed his connection with the Saturday Evening Post.

NEXT WEEK

we shall commence a new serial entitled

THE LOST DIAMOND,

BY

MARGARET HOSMER,

Author of "Mystery of the Reef," "The White Girl of the Ridge," Etc.

To the old readers of the Post the name of this talented writer will be very familiar, as she has been a contributor to our columns for years past.

Mrs. Hosmer's own opinion of this, her latest production, will be seen from the following extract from a letter just received by us.

Washington, D. C., Friday.

Messrs. Reed, Wickersham & Co.—Gents:—I send you the remainder of "The Lost Diamond." I shall never write a better story than this, and I only hope you will be as well satisfied with it as I am. Yours, truly,

M. Hosmer.

We are sure our readers will agree with us in pronouncing

THE LOST DIAMOND

one of the very best stories that we have ever published in the Post.

SELF-EDUCATION.

In higher institutions of learning it is usual to say one reads Latin or Greek, or mathematics, rather than he studies this or the other subject. The word "read" here is a synonym for "study." That is right; to read properly is to study in its highest sense. It is a much more difficult thing to read than most people think. For the most part, that which is called reading is more skimming. It occupies an idle hour by placing a variety of images before the mind in rapid succession, like a kaleidoscope, but like the images of that amusing toy, each is forgotten as a new one is presented; and after all is done, nothing remains but a dim recollection of a jumble of colors. Nothing definite, nothing valuable is retained. "But," says one, "I read for amusement, and as long as I get that I wish for nothing more."

To him we reply that our suggestions are not for him, at least till his tastes are radically changed. Only this much we will say to him: he greatly mistakes if he supposes that even the highest degree of amusement is to be obtained in such reading. We affirm that when a youth has acquired the power to read his own language, in the full meaning of the term, he is nine-tenths educated. We care not if he has never looked into a work on mathematics, or conjugated a Latin verb. He may know little or nothing of the sciences; but he has acquired the power to know anything that any other mind can know, because he has mastered the means by which all knowledge is accessible to him—his mother tongue. Not obtained such a critical knowledge of its etymology as he will obtain by a classical course of reading, or of the niceties of grammatical construction; but mastered it in that he holds the keys that will unlock all the storehouses of learning. He is a mental gymnast, who, although he has never attempted to raise the heavy weights of knowledge and science, need have no fear that he will fail in his attempts when he essays it.

Young men who are desirous to educate themselves, should select elementary treatises at first; such as treat of their subjects in a familiar manner. Having thus selected, they should set about reading them with the stern determination not to let a single page, or line, or word, pass uncomprehended. Geographical names should be properly pronounced and the places they indicate carefully fixed in the mind. Allusions to men and events should be at once followed by research into the histories of the men and the events themselves. The habit of fixed attention is also of the utmost importance. A wandering mind is essentially a weak mind. If anything is unworthy of attention, renounce it altogether; do not acquire that bad habit of at once half listening, and half-pondering, so common and so enervating to mental vigor. Remember always that to act is not so important as the power to get. Strive to obtain strength of mind rather than many ill-digested facts. Do not swallow facts whole any more than you would your food; chew and digest, overloading is as bad for the mind as for the stomach, therefore avoid cramming. Seek to learn the general principles of science rather than the bare details; the details will come upon application of the principles. Cultivate the habit of closely observing everything you see; every natural thing is worth the closest inspection. Works of art and mechanical construction are good studies, whether meritorious or otherwise. If good, seek to know the elements of their worth; if bad, criticize their faults. If your tastes incline to any particular field of study, let them run; do not seek to stop them. You will succeed best in that field.

Habit eats so deeply into man's humanity, that instead of constituting no more than his second nature, it expels the first, usurping the sovereignty. Our minds may turn their eyes so long in the same direction, that never again can we look quite straight. Thoughts, passions, affections, are domesticated by custom, till, like barn-door fowl, they will always eat their meat from the same platter, and sleep upon the same roost.

DE SOTO.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

Of all the enterprises undertaken in a spirit of daring adventure, none has surpassed, for hardihood and variety of incident, that of the renowned Fernando De Soto, and his band of cavaliers. It was poetry put in action. It was the knight errantry of the old world carried into the depths of the American wilderness. Indeed the personal adventures, the feats of individual prowess, the picturesque description of steel-clad cavaliers, with lance and helm and prancing steed, glittering through the wildernesses of Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and the prairies of the Far West, would seem to us mere fictions of romance, did they not come to us recorded in matter of fact narratives of contemporaries, and corroborated by the records of those days transmitted to us.

In our last number we gave a brief sketch of this remarkable man, and had we the space we would willingly give our readers an account of some of the wild and woudrous adventures which are recorded of his career.

The expedition for the conquest of Florida, which De Soto obtained permission to organize, at his own expense, from the King of Spain, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, sailed from the port of San Lucar, on the morning of April 6th, 1538, and arrived in Cuba the latter part of May. It comprised 950 men, many of them the sons of wealthy Spanish nobles, who were equipped in splendid style with costly armor, and accompanied by a train of servants; and also twenty-four ecclesiastics of various grades, sent out to convert the natives. On May 20th, 1539, the expedition set sail again upon one of the most disastrous adventures in which heroic men ever engaged. On May 25th, they entered the harbor now known as Tampa Bay.

We must only briefly refer to the terrible struggles which De Soto and his heroic band encountered in their march through Florida and Alabama, their being lost in the wilderness and their wonderful escape, the dreadful battle of Mobila, the days of darkness which followed the battle of Chickasaw with its terrible loss to the Spaniards, and which found them on the 1st day of April, 1541, almost disheartened and fearfully crippled.

On the morning of that day, the army broke up its encampment, and once more set out languidly on its journey to the westward. The indomitable energy of De Soto dragged along the reluctant footsteps of his troops. They soon found themselves before a very formidable fortress, manned by hostile Indians, which was taken after a fierce and sanguinary conflict, greatly against the inclination of De Soto, to whom peace and friendship would have been far preferable to this war and misery.

After a few days spent in nursing the wounded, he resumed his weary march, through a dismal region, uninhabited and encumbered with tangled forests and almost impenetrable swamps.

At last they came upon a small village called Chisca, upon the banks of the most majestic stream they had yet discovered. Sublimely the mighty flood, a mile and a half in width, rolled by them. The current was rapid, and bore upon its bosom a vast amount of tree-tops and drift wood. This was the mighty Mississippi, the "Father of Waters."

Little was De Soto then aware of the magnitude of the discovery he had made.

De Soto was the first European who ever looked out upon the turbid waters of this magnificent river, and that event has more surely enrolled his name among those who will ever live in American history than if he had discovered mines of silver and gold.

NEWS AND NONSENSE.

BY B. DADD.

Mrs. Swisbelm says that when she was a girl she could make every article a woman is ever expected to wear. So could Mrs. Eve, when she was a girl—and she never bragged about it, either.

At a recent wedding, according to a New York paper, "the bride walked on the arm of her father." A strange place to walk, but perhaps preferable to treading on the corns of the groom.

A fashion paper says the Grecian style of wearing the hair is the latest. Young Brougue, who had his vest soiled last Sunday night, says his girl sticks to the greasy style.

"Paper is now successfully used for making buggy boxes." The next thing we shall hear that it is successfully used for making buggy beds—and then we shall sleep on a cellar door.

A fashionable but impecunious young man says it will be forty-five dollars in his pocket if the world comes to an end on the 30th of September. He purchased a new suit of clothes two weeks ago on "tick," and promised to pay for them on the first of October.

A German correspondent offers to bet that Bismarck, as old as he is, can saw more cords of wood, in a given time, than any other statesman in Europe. We'll cover the bet to the extent of two dollars and a half, provided the correspondent can persuade Bismarck and King William, or M. Thiers, or some other old statesman, to come over to this country to tackle the wood.

"Nothing contributes more to the pleasures of evenings at home than music in the family." Thus wrote an editor the other day, and when he went home two or three nights afterwards and found his eldest son squeezing dismal strains out of a borrowed accordeon, and another offspring throwing his soul into a twenty-cent mouth-organ, and a third energetically hammering on a triangle, while his daughter accompanied the musical trio on a wheezy melodeon, his brow darkened like a thunder-storm in August; and, seizing a heavy cane, he threatened to lapse into a fit of temporary insanity, and murder them all in the sixth degree, at least if they didn't incontinently cease their hideous noise. Then his eldest boy dropped the accordeon, picked up his father's paper, pointed out the paragraph quoted above, and gave a signal for the quartette to start up anew. And they struck up. The parent smiled feebly, seized his hat, and rushed down town to see a man, not returning until he was sure all his children were in bed. His mind has since undergone a radical change on the question of music adding to the pleasures of evenings at home.

SYMPTOMS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"He is sure possessed, madam!"
—*Twelfth Night.*

If when you hear a certain lady's name,
You feel your pulses give a sudden start,
Or blush, as if some secret sense of shame
Had stirred, just then, the currents of your heart:
And if that name—to put it rather strong—
In euphony seems very much above
All other names—I think I can't be wrong
To venture the opinion, you're in love!

If, when at last by some auspicious chance,
You meet the lady at a ball or play,
You shrink abashed before her modest glance
And quite forget the words you meant to say;
And if, moreover, gazing at her hand,
You wish upon that hand you were a glove,
It isn't very hard to understand
(See "Romeo and Juliet"), you're in love!

If with two ladies, on a summer's day,
You sit at luncheon or at tea,
And think if one of them were but away,
(A mile or so) how happy you would be,
Yet find your wits in such a giddy whirl,
You scarcely speak to her you're thinking of,
But prattle gaily with the other girl—
There's reason for supposing you're in love!

If all at once your amatory pen
(Which ne'er before attempted lyric lines,
Invita musa—bane of gods and men!)
To fervid song and madrigal inclines—
Wherein you rashly rhyme of "youth" and "truth,"
And call your subject "darling," "duck," or "dove,"
Or sadly beg some cruel lady's ruth—
The symptom is unfailing—you're in love!

If of her sex no other you can find
One half so bright or beautiful as she;
If to her failings you are wholly blind
(The faults, I mean, that other people see);
If in her "pug" you see a "Grecian nose,"
And never doubt the angel-hands above
Are silent when she sings—you may suppose,
Beyond the slightest question, you're in love!
—*Galaxy for September.*

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER TWENTY.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

She was walking to and fro along the south wall of the small house where she lived, when I stepped out upon the balcony for some wild honeysuckles that clambered up the white columns, and scented all the air; and she was carrying a seven-months' old baby, and three little toddling boys were clinging to her skirts, and the group, at first sight, was pleasant to look upon—and seemed a pretty and peaceful picture with its mountain background and soft skies overhead.

Afterward, a certain pallor about the mother's mouth, and the tired look her whole face wore set me to thinking what her life had been, and what it was that day; and how it seemed, to her, as she faced it with her baby on her breast, and the trio hanging to her gown.

The thought was not a happy one.

It would not let me rest. I turned my face to the ripples of the river and tried to think of the strange, far-off countries they had touched evenwhile, and of the strange people who had watched them, and watching dreamed their dreams.

But in between them and me drifted a pale woman, with hollow eyes, sunken cheeks, and weary step, and whichever way I turned it was one and the same thing that I saw.

But what was that woman to me, she or her children? Why should I vex myself over their possible sorrows or care to know their needs?

They had plenty to eat, drink and to wear, and a sound roof to shelter them. What else was needful for such as they? No doubt they were very happy in their way—some people need so little, so I responded. Yet—and yet——

Well—I kept turning to look at them, vexed because I did, and because I could not help it.

Once in a while she glanced my way, and for a moment our four eyes held each other. What was it in hers that deepened and widened my wonder, and would not let me go in with my honeysuckles to where everything was sweet and fair and goodly, like the morn that blest us all?

I could not tell, yet I felt that I should know.

"Won't you let me see your baby, please?"

I had given voice to the words, ere the thought of them had been born in my heart, and, for the soul of me, I could not have told how it all came about.

But she came down, timid and smiling, all the children clinging close as if they were an inseparable part of her—came down the two little steps that led up to the garden walk, through the unpainted gate and across the flower-sweet terrace to the balcony from which I leaned to lift the child, who seemed as much at home on my bosom as upon hers. And her sunken eyes looked so proud and so happy that I could not help saying to myself:

"She is quite content to take life as she finds it. I need not have troubled myself about her."

I don't know what I had expected. Certainly not that she should come to me whining and whimpering all her petty troubles pinned upon her sleeve to worry and annoy me; but after all, something in her satisfied air gave rise to more than a suspicion in my mind that we had no need of each other—she and I—and I led the way to the bright little morning room, feeling not at all in harmony with its peaceful quiet, and half regretting the intrusion I had myself invited.

The children were orderly enough, gentle and well-bred, too, it seemed; They looked down at the bright vines of the carpet and up at the pictures on the wall with wide-open eyes and wide-open mouths; but they said not a word, nor once moved from the mother's skirts for the half hour in which we sat together.

The baby was a real roly-poly, and perhaps he mistook me for his grandmother, for he laughed and crowed familiarly in the shelter of my arms, where no child's head had been for many a weary year, and my heart—with his soft cheek upon its pulses—forgot to feel inhospitable and grew larger and warmer and better.

And so we fell to talking—she and I—a basket of cake and a salver of wine between us—and little by little I learned how sweet a home she had left when she came with her young husband across the Sierras and to the "Sunset Sea;" how close together her little ones had come; how poor they were, and yet how happy she "could be for all that if only Tom would be as he was in the old days at Reading."

"Reading? The Reading such a little ways from sunrise on the other coast?"

"Yes; that was my home."

"And were you a student at Bellair?" Leaning toward her eagerly—and letting the baby slip unheeded to the carpet. "And—and—were you called Lilline?"

She looked wildly into my eyes for a moment—then with a little cry of joy, flung herself within my outstretched arms saying, after a while, softly and with lifted eyes:

"God I thank thee! Thou wert kinder than my thought of Thee!"

* * * * *

We had loved each other dearly in those happy school-girl days. But when they were over, our ways had divided, only to wind together again after years of wandering, years of change, just as in some dear day—not distant, it maybe—the ways of all who love each other here, however widely divided they may have been, will wind in through the same sweet entrance to the same sweet land, where the roses of rest are, and the fadeless lilies of love—fadeless and white and pure!

* * * * *

From my study-window I can see her this Saturday evening, her husband by her side, the baby on his shoulder; and I would scarcely know her for the white-faced, hollow-eyed woman who haunted me that morning such a little time ago.

Tom is "as he used to be in the old days in Reading:" for "the drink" is out of his reach, and he, and all, are thankful.

The little house and its garden-fence are painted snowily white, and the children of "Lilline" do not need to come to me now for honeysuckle bloom, they have so many flowers of their own.

And often and often when her little ones are sound asleep and my desk is shut and locked, Lillibe steals softly in with the dusk and the salt sea-breeze, and with her head in my lap, just as it used to be, goes over the little trials of her day, and the many joys as well; adding—for the comfort and cheer of all my after-life—

"God knew I needed you!"

THE MODERN DRAMA.

BY REV. DR. BADGER.

If you would be regarded as an astute critic on this subject by the press, or a profound connoisseur by society, there are two remarks which you must be careful to make whenever you have an opportunity. One is, that Shakspeare's characters have no living representatives; the other, that the "palmy" days of the drama are no more. If you can add to the latter some hints about the ill effects of correct costume, careful scene painting and ingenious machinery upon acting in the abstract, your reputation will be made for life. When George Francis Train proclaimed himself the future President of the United States, we believed, with Polonius, that there was "method in it," and told him (Mr. Train, not Polonius,) as much. Say a thing, and keep saying it, and people—some people—will believe it at last. You may even come to believe it yourself; as the two canons of criticism just cited abundantly prove.

That a good thing having been abused should therefore be abolished, is a fallacy. Accept it as a law, and you abolish pretty nearly everything, for few, indeed, are the good things out of which diabolical ingenuity and human depravity have not brought evil. If the drama has been degraded so—may those that did it be forgiven, if possible—has even the church—and as the latter has been reformed, so may the former be; so, indeed, in great measure, has it been—and if ever it had a "palmy" time, that time, in point of decorum in the auditorium and on the stage, of purity in plot and dialogue, is the present. There are but two blots upon the "mirror held up to nature," the adapted French society plays, and the variety theatres, with few exceptions. The former shadow is evanescent, a passing cloud, and the latter stain may be wiped away, by separating it at once from the drama, as having nothing whatever to do with it. Remains, therefore, a form of amusement, combining the arts of poetry, music and painting, and presenting their combinations in the most effective manner.

Amusement is as essential to the mind as sleep is to the body. Human nature imperatively demands it; not only in the individual, but in the public. People like to be entertained in company, that they may enjoy the zest which sympathy alone can impart to entertainment. Isaac Walton could take his rod and fish basket, and going away by himself, could be happy all day long by torturing worms and fishes, and singing—pious soul!—on the river bank,

"Here we may think and pray
Before death stops our breath—
Other joys are but toys
And to be lamented!"

But luckily for the fish—not to mention the worms—and creditably for human nature, the Waltons of the world are comparatively few. Our natural capacity for loving our fellows—which we believe is to be developed and sanctified to the millenium standard—prompts us to assemble for amusement, and causes us then to be most happily amused, when we feel that we share our happiness with others. This is the secret of the hold which public entertainments of all kinds have upon society. They may be, they have been, most wretchedly abused; and none of them more cruelly and dangerously than the drama; but so divest that form of amusement of all evil accessories, that there can be no more possibility of mental or moral contamination in witnessing a play than in listening to an oratorio, and you have made a day more "palmy" than any yet recorded in the dramatic calendar. In the present state of public feeling on the subject, and especially in view of certain anathemas recently thundered at the theatre and the profession, a little moral courage is requisite, if one must declare that just such "palmy" days have already dawned. Religion and Truth, however, are inseparable, and though we charitably assign the best of motives to the denunciations just referred to, the truth is that there are to-day many theatres which Innocence herself might visit as safely as a concert room, and rather more safely than even a private ball-room.

And at what previous period of the modern drama could such an assertion have been truthfully made? Not, surely, in the days when the Elizabethan dramatists held the stage; not when Congreve and Wycherley were in the height of their popularity; not when the court of Louis XV gave its own tone to English as well as French society, and to its "mirror," too; and not when in our own country the "pit"—most aptly so named—was the resort of the most abandoned classes of society; and besides the drama itself, which might have been pure, the audience, in order to see it, were constrained to look across, and, therefore, at another, which was sure to be impure.

From all respectable theatres the drinking bar and other evils are now rigidly excluded; and the drama must be deserted by those who would go in search of them—which, by the way, they would do, anyhow, all the more perhaps if the higher and purer form of amusement were proscribed.

Whatever fanaticism may do, and it is well known to be utterly lawless, common sense will take things as they are, and finding that what we may call "sympathetic recreation" is a necessity of human nature, will rejoice over the great advance in the special form of it, which combines three, if not four of the fine arts—sculpture being at least represented in the groupings of the stage—and will be very far from allowing that, in respect of the decorum and decency of the theatre, the general purity of plot, dialogue and stage business, the intelligence, refinement and worth of members of the profession, and the careful exclusion, as far as practicable, of exceptionable surroundings and associations, the drama has ever seen, a period so justly entitled as the present to be denominated "palmy."

We have reviewed the subject from this side, because this side of it is what society has mainly in view in speaking of the drama as flourishing or decaying. The standard of the box office is naturally a pecuniary one; to flourish is to fill the "coffer." The standard of criticism is literary excellence, including moral tendency as an incidental. And in this respect, bitter is the lamentation from many quarters over the degeneracy of modern dramatists. Everybody, however, knows the best way to prove the success of a pudding, and putting a play of last year, or of the last ten years, beside a fine old comedy or tragedy, leaving out Shakspeare as simply incomparable, what does the comparison result in? The test of true worth is the effect upon the audience. The "Rivals," the "School for Scandal, "She Stoops to Conquer," the "Heir-at-Law," and last and least, "The Inconstant"—will they be found, practically and experimentally, to interest the spectators more deeply as to their stories, to impress them more forcibly as pictures of life and character, to excite more anxious suspense, or move to tears or laughter more powerfully than the best of the works by modern writers? Going a step further back, will "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," or "Every Man in His Humor," fulfil any better, or as well, the conditions just stated, as the "Lady of Lyons," or "Money," or "Garrick?"

In this eminently practical age, the test of excellence is effectiveness, and the rule should hold in literature as in mechanics, that the best article is that which best answers the given purpose. The answer is, in fact, to be found in the present operation, on the drama, of the laws of supply and demand.

As a matter of experience, few people can say that they have seen many of the "fine old comedies" so much talked about and so highly extolled. It is undeniable that they have ceased to attract. Not because of the public craving for novelty, for some of O'Keefe's plays would be much more novel to this generation than many which are frequently performed, but because other and later writings have been found to answer better the purposes of interesting the audience and replenishing the treasury. In one respect only has the drama lost its hold upon the public. It is no longer, as in Shakspeare's day, and still later, the one great channel of communication between writers and thinkers about everyday affairs and the public. It has given way before the increasing influence of journalism, and has found its own level as an entertainment only; but, as such, we cannot but affirm that it has been, and is still being so improved in all respects, as to warrant even sanguine expectations for its future.

I THOUGHT IT MY DUTY.

People are very often heard to say, "I thought it my duty to do such a thing." It too frequently happens that what they thought it their duty to do was some mischief, which lay ten miles out of their way. At a fair computation, fully one-half of the bad things done, out of the ranks of the avowedly vicious, are done under the impulse of a sense of duty.

A very common use of the phrase, "I thought it my duty," refers to some unpleasing communication. One man thinks it his duty to inform his friend that some person or persons have been speaking evilly of him, or undervaluing some pursuit in which he is engaged. Another thinks it his duty to warn some person against some person. Another thinks it his duty to administer a point-blank reproof to some one with whose conduct he has been displeased. It too often happens that, instead of being prompted by a pure sense of duty, such communications are the result of some inferior feelings, which have only taken the guise of conscientiousness; at least, it is rarely that such communications are made in a prudent and kindly manner. Hence it is not surprising that, so far from producing the apparently desired benefit, they only aggrieve the feelings of the individual who is the object of them, and introduce discord and rancor where formerly all was going on in the common course of things. The number of officious interferences, prompted in the same way, and ending in the same results, is beyond all calculation. It is quite possible for one person to drive a whole circle of friends to distraction—under a sense of duty.

Since men so often go wrong when acting under what they suppose to be a sense of duty, it will naturally be asked, "How are they to avoid such errors, and how are they to make sure that any notion of duty that may arise in their minds is a right one?" It would require an elaborate treatise to give a satisfactory answer embodying the workings of the genuine conscience and the mock ones; but in the meantime something less may suffice. There is an excellent old rule which says, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." If men and women acted under a sense of all the bearings of this precept, more than nine-tenths of the mischief caused by the shallow plea, "I thought it my duty," would be averted.

The Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia, has recently changed hands, and although it would seem impossible has been much improved. It is the oldest story paper in America, and loses nothing with age.—*Literary Gem, Schoolcraft, Mich.*

That virtue which depends on opinion looks to secrecy alone, and could not be trusted in a desert.

Personal Items.

We may have Sims Reeves, the celebrated English tenor singer, in this country in 1876.

Mr. Moody, the celebrated revival preacher, is now at his home in Northfield, Massachusetts.

Florence Marryatt (Mrs. Ross-Church), the editor of *London Society*, is about to make her debut on the public stage.

Adelina Patti is so surrounded with European engagements that she will not be able to visit the United States for some years.

Fanny Elssler, the famous *danseuse*, is living at Bremen, the wife of a physician, and is a well-preserved woman of seventy-one.

Bayard Taylor is on a tour through the British provinces. He will make a book of what he sees and hears in those portions of North America.

Madame MacMahon has collected some two and a half millions of dollars for the sufferers by the French floods. The Viceroy of Egypt sent her two thousand dollars.

A London letter says that Judah P. Benjamin, late Secretary of the Confederate States, stands in the front rank of the English bar, and makes an income of ten thousand pounds a year.

Miss Susan Augusta Fenimore Cooper, daughter of the novelist, is devoting her life to the support and training of little homeless boys and girls, the orphanage being situated on the Otsego lake, near Cooperstown, N. Y.

John T. Raymond (*Colonel Sellers*) never touches liquor, nor does he use tobacco in any form. He carries his abstinence to vegetables, and it is a matter of fact that the turnips in the famous "turnip scene" are not real.

Victoria C. Woodhull has retired from the presidency of the board of managers of the proposed Provincial Council of the Universal Association of Spiritualists of America, so that her associations with that body may no longer be a cause of embarrassment to anybody.

Hon. Thurlow Weed, of New York, his daughter and other members of his household were seriously poisoned lately by the effects of oxalic acid, used in cleaning the copper tea kettle in which tea drank by the family had been made. It was several days before they fully recovered.

Among the visitors at Newport is Prince Starhemberg, of Austria. He is from the Adirondacks, Canada, and the lakes, and will remain at Newport a few weeks. He is one of the largest land owners in Austria, and is a direct descendant of Prince Reidinger von Starhemberg, who defended Vienna against the Turks.

Joaquin Miller has been spending a few days at Long Branch, where he has made himself quite agreeable to many of the clever people who are at that famous resort. The originality and pungency of his chat and the quiet and refinement of his manner are quite the opposite of the absurd stories that have been told of his very Western and unconventional way of life. A more courteous, modest gentleman is seldom met.

Centennial Items.

Miss Margaret Foley is to send from Rome to the Centennial a fountain of beautiful design. Miss Foley is a New England sculptor who has lived some fifteen years in Rome.

It has just transpired that the Centennial Exposition, when it opens, will be surrounded by quite a multitude of fountains, most of which will be ornamental work, designed by artists in Europe and America, and all erected at private cost. The variety will exceed all present conception of the spectacle.

The laces, silks, and textiles from Germany alone will need a space of at least 10,000 feet; the books, engravings, especially chromos and illustrated works, and typography of Berlin and Leipsic, at least 4,000 feet; Stuttgart and Berlin, Dresden and Munich, will send paintings; there are already forty exhibitors of wines from the Rhine and forty from the Palatinate. Wurtemberg, Alsace and Lorraine, the Grand Duchy of Baden and other provinces, have sent in applications.

The Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, S. C., have, through their commander, Major R. C. Gilchrist, made a proposition to the Boston Light Infantry looking to the formation of a "Centennial Legion" from the leading veteran organizations of the old thirteen States, which, when formed, is to take part as a representative body at the coming Centennial. The legion is intended to consist of one battery of light artillery, one company of cavalry and ten of infantry. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, are to select one field officer; New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania, one; Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, one. Each company is to consist of seventy-five men, and will rendezvous in Philadelphia on the second of July, at noon. The proposition has been favorably received, and correspondence upon the movement commenced.

The Centennial.—The Centennial Board of Finance has made an estimate of the supposed attendance at the Exhibition. They calculate that 8,000,000 people will attend on an average three times, making 9,000,000 entries. All Europe will be represented by at least 500,000 people. The greater part of these will come from Great Britain and Germany. This leaves 2,500,000 to be drawn from the States and Territories, nearly all of which have given very promising assurances. Taking Philadelphia as a focus, there are, within a radius of 240 miles, 12,000,000 people, allowing five members to each family. Should each send a representative there will be 2,400,000 visitors from near-by points, leaving 100,000 to come from outside limits. The commissioners estimate 50,000 as the average daily attendance. The largest influx of strangers is expected July 4th, 1876. The Roman Catholic total abstinence societies will dedicate their monumental fountain then, and expect to parade 50,000 strong. Fifty thousand Germans dedicate the monument to Humboldt. Ten thousand Italians, 25,000 Israelites, and 20,000 Presbyterians will dedicate their respective statues. At least 25,000 soldiers are expected, besides many civic societies.

Lisba's Comb and Shoes.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

There was once a stepmother who was very cruel and unkind to Lisba, her stepdaughter, and her little brother Paul; and at last she grew so outrageous that one night, though it was storming terribly, she turned the girl and the little boy out of doors, declaring that she would work to support them no longer. It was very nearly dark and Paul's bedtime, and the little fellow was so sleepy that he was soon unable to walk, and his sister was obliged to carry him in her arms, and trudge on with him through the mud. She had not the least notion where to go, and soon lost her way, wandering up one street and down another, till she came very nearly to the outskirts of the town. At last, seeing a miserable wooden house, she made bold to knock at the door, hoping that they would take her in; but the door was opened by a very small, very old woman, who said, the moment she saw her: "Go away, go away, go away, I tell you! Why don't you go away? Why don't you get out?"

"Oh, please let me in!" said Lisba. "I am so wet and so cold, and my little brother will die!"

"No!" answered the woman; "my master is a wicked old ogre, who eats children: but I will give you a pair of shoes, and if you wear them you will find it will do you good."

So saying, she pulled off her own shoes, pushed them into Lisba's hand, and slammed the door in her face; and though Lisba was astonished and disappointed, she was glad of the shoes, as her stepmother had taken away her own, and her feet were badly cut and bleeding; and it was a curious thing, but the moment she had on the shoes she found all the fatigue was gone, and that she could walk twice as fast as before. Going on in this way, she came to another little ricketty wooden building; and on knocking at the door, there popped out another little woman, precisely like the first, who said, just as she had done: "Go away, go away, go away, I tell you! Get out as fast as you can!"

"But my little brother will die," said Lisba, crying, "if you turn me away!"

"If you come in here you will both be eaten up!" answered the old woman; "but here is a comb; keep it, and it will bring you good luck!"

So saying she gave Lisba a golden comb, which she took out of her pocket, and slammed the door in Lisba's face. So the child went on till she came to a great castle of black marble, with a hundred steps leading up to the door; and knocking there, the door flew open wide so suddenly that she was frightened; but seeing nothing in the way, she took heart and went in. There she found a great room with a huge fire burning, that warmed it in every corner; and before the fire stood a nice little table set out for two, with silver dishes and a white cloth; and there was toast, and a broiled chicken, and cups of milk, and new rolls, and a great basket of fruits, that made the mouths of the hungry children water. They looked all around, but could find no one.

"And surely," said Lisba, "whoever lives here must be very rich, and will not grudge two poor children a meal."

So they sat down and began to eat; but when they had satisfied themselves, there came a noise like thunder, and jumping up in a fright, there came a monstrous giant heavily down the stairs, yawning and rubbing his eyes as if he had just been asleep. The children tried to hide under the table, but the table grew so small that it was no larger than a nut; and the giant spying them, roared out in a terrible voice: "Oh, you young thieves! you young monkeys! You have been eating up my supper, have you? Very good! I will eat you to-morrow! Here, cook, broil this boy for breakfast, and fricassee the girl for lunch."

At that, the cook came from below in his white apron, and taking the children by the hair, carried them to the pantry, and shut them up in the soup tureen; but as soon as they were shut in, the shoes began to jump up at the cover, first one and then the other, till finally they kicked it off; and when that was done, they stood outside on the shelf, waiting for Lisba to scramble out with Paul. There Lisba saw the cook bustling about between the table and the fire; but while she looked and shivered, hugging Paul close in her arms as if she could save him, the shoes gave a great jump, and carried her right over the cook's head, clear up the chimney and entirely out of the giant's grounds—all in one jump.

Such a tremendous game of hop and skip you may be sure took away the children's breath for a moment; but as soon as they were able, they started again on their journey, and traveled till they came to the kingdom of King Ninumniddy; and there they found everything in confusion, and everybody nearly out of their wits. For the Princess, the daughter of Ninumniddy, had, you must know, the most beautiful golden hair in the world, and of a sudden this lovely hair had tangled itself up in thousands of knots, and stuck itself straight out from her head in a little pigtail. The Princess was in despair, for though they had tried all the oils and pomades, and sent for all the barbers in the kingdom, they had only made it worse; for it had grown so tight, and pulled so on the Princess' head, that the corners of her mouth were drawn quite up to her nose. So, in great distress, the King sent out a royal proclamation, saying, "that whoever would comb the tangles out of the Princess' hair should be second in the kingdom; but adding, that every one who had tried had pulled the Princess' hair so dreadfully, and caused her so much pain, that whoever tried and failed should have their heads cut off."

This made people think twice before they tried; because, though it may be very nice to be second in the kingdom, it hurts to have your head cut off. Lisba, however, remembering her comb, and how the shoes had brought her out of trouble, said that she would try; and lo! at the first touch of the comb the Princess' hair fell down to her feet, as long and as beautiful as before. Then the King made Lisba next to the Princess in rank, and said that Paul should be a duke. But as for the comb and shoes, they flew up the chimney, and could never be found afterwards.

THE HEDGE-KING, OR WREN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN.

In olden times, every sound had meaning. The hammer of the smith cried, as it struck the anvil, "Beat it well! beat it well!" The carpenter's plane screamed, as it worked, "Shave it sheer!" And, when the wheel of the mill began to clatter, it called, "Help, my friend! help, my friend!" If the miller was a cheat, it would ask slowly, "Who is there? who is there?" and then answer fast, "The miller, the miller!" Presently it would cry, loud and quick, "He steals well! he steals well! three pecks from the bushel!"

In those times, the birds also had a language which all understood, though some chirped it, some screamed or whistled it, and with others it was music without words. Now, they began to think that they had been too long without a chief, and they resolved to choose a king from among themselves. The lapwing only was against it. "He had lived free," he said, "and he would die free." He flew hither and thither, crying anxiously, "Don't do it, don't do it!" and, at last, withdrew into a solitary and unfrequented fen, and showed himself no more among his former companions.

The others, however, assembled one fine May morning, from every wood and field, to settle the business. There came the eagle and the chaffinch, the owl and the crow, the lark and the sparrow; and even the cuckoo was there, with the hoopoe, his sacristan, so called because he always is heard a few days before the other. A very little bird, which had no name, was also seen in the throng. The hen, who had heard nothing of the cause of this great meeting, wondered exceedingly; she went about cackling incessantly, "What, what, what is to do?"

After some discussion, it was resolved that whichever should fly the highest should be elected king, and that the trial must be made that beautiful morning, so that no one hereafter might be able to say, "I could have flown higher, but night overtook me."

At the appointed signal, therefore, the whole assembly mounted into the air. The dust rose like a cloud from the earth, and there was heard amidst it a wonderful noise of mingled whizzing, rushing and clapping of wings. The small birds were soon disheartened, and returned; and, of those who continued their upward flight, none could equal the eagle, who flew so high that he might have pecked at the sun. When he looked downwards, and saw himself so much above all the others, that his right to be king could not be disputed, he began to descend.

As he came near his rivals, they hailed him with "Thou art our king; none have flown as high as thou."

"Except me!" screamed the little fellow without a name, who had hidden himself under the eagle's breast-feathers; and as he spoke, he spread his untired wings, and ascended into the blue air, until he nearly reached the gates of heaven. Then, folding close his plumage, he sank down to earth again, crying, with his shrill voice, "I am king! I am king!"

"Thou our king!" said the birds, angrily; "through trick and cunning only hast thou become so!" and they determined on another mode of election: he should be king who could penetrate deepest into the earth.

How the goose then clapped and rubbed her broad breast against the ground; and how quickly the cock scratched a hole! The little one without a name, however, sought a mouse-hole, and slipping into it, screamed from within, "I am king! I am king!"

"Thou our king!" cried the birds, still more angry than before. "Dost thou think thy fraud will be endured?"

Then they resolved to starve him in his hole, and the owl was appointed sentinel—his life was to pay the penalty of the rogue's escape.

By this time it was evening; and the exertions of the day having wearied them all exceedingly, they retired with their wives and children, leaving the owl standing stiff at the entrance of the mouse-hole, with his great eyes staring fixedly in. But soon he also felt tired, and said to himself, "I can surely take a nap with one eye, while the other watches the villain; he'll be safe enough." And so he shut one, and continued to stare unblinkingly at the hole with the other. The prisoner peeped out, and the sentinel was wide awake again instantly; he made a step forward, and in went the little head. But when the owl once more resumed his nap, he forgot to leave one eye open; he closed both, and slept soundly. Then the poor fellow he guarded slipped joyfully away.

From that time the owl never dares to show himself by day; the other birds are so enraged at his breach of duty that they would tear every feather from him if they caught him. He therefore never stirs from home until dark, when he goes out to catch mice, which he hates because of their holes. Nor does the little bird willingly permit himself to be seen; he also fears for his life. He slips along in the hedges, and sometimes, when so securely hidden that none can see him or reach him, he cries, "I am king! I am king!" and the great birds call him, in mockery, the "Hedge-King."

THE POINT AT ISSUE.—"How in the world did we get here?" cried the mice, one to another, as they ran hopelessly round the wire walls of a large trap.

"I think something fell down and shut me in," said one.

"I think I was so taken up with looking at the cheese that I lost sight of the way I came in," said another.

"I can't account for it at all," said a third.

"What's the use of wasting time in trying to account for it?" said an old gray-beard; "here we are, and the question to be considered now is, not how we got in, but how we are to get out."

NEVER TRUST THE FOX.—"Daddy, daddy! the fox is asleep; just look at him!" screamed the geese to the old gander, as they were crossing the common.

"Ah! he may be, though probably he has one eye open. Keep your distance, I advise you; remember always that a fox asleep is more than a match for a goose wide awake!"

I WOULD NOT, IF I COULD.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

I would not dig my past
Up from its grave of wickedness and regret;
Up from its hopes, which glimmered but to set—
Its dreams, that could not last!

Yet I can look before,
And profit by the lessons sadly learned;
As children playing with the fire are burned,
And tempt its glow no more.

I would not, if I could,
Live o'er again this dark, uncertain life—
This slipping backward in the daily strife
Of reaching after good.

Yet I can know how weak
Are all below. And so sweet charity
Will cling and grow about each form I see,
And thus to me will speak.

I would not open out
The half-healed wounds of other years, long fled;
'Twere better they were numbered with the dead;
Better than fear or doubt.

Yet I can truly say,
Let the dead Past bury its dead. We go
So swiftly onward to life's sunset glow—
And then, there is no day!

Life is too short to waste
In vain repinings or in weak regrets:
The strongest heart endures and never frets
O'er joys it may not taste.

And he who can go on
Bravely and firmly in the allotted way,
Gaining new strength from every darkened ray,
Shall surely reach the dawn.

And so I would not lift
Up from their grave the shadows of my past;
The clouds that all my sky once overcast
Into the night may drift.

For there's enough to fill
Each hour and moment of the days to come;
Then wherefore woo the shadows to our home?
The valleys to our hills?

THROUGH FORBIDDEN PATHS.

By CLIO STANLEY.

Author of "Faithful Margaret," "Shadows of a Ghost," "And Then," Etc., Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 52, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

RETRIBUTION.

An hour before the time that Gault Nickerson and Endora had reached the house where they had been told they could find Guy Hawthorne and his handsome young wife, Gustave Feder had stolen in upon her unawares, to make *his* bargain with her before she should come face to face with the woman he believed to be her mother.

Felicie was sitting alone, with some dainty bit of work in her hand, thinking pleasant thoughts, doubtless, for there was a smile playing over her beautiful lips, and a look of enjoyment in her dark eyes.

Her husband was absent in the city, and she had been quite alone all morning.

It was a dreary morning, though, and her eyes would occasionally wander to the out-door world, and she would find herself wishing that something new would happen.

She had not yet learned the lesson to let well enough alone.

She rose at last and laid down her work, and with a decided yawn, she went over to the window to look out.

Since the night when she had last seen Gustave, she had never felt quite secure. She assured herself a dozen times a day, that she had really nothing to fear from him; but each time that she said it, she felt a shiver of dread in her heart.

There were too many recollections of the old times thronging her brain for her to feel entirely satisfied at his prolonged absence and utter silence.

In the hope of throwing him off the track, should he really desire to find her again, she had twice persuaded her husband—or, the man she believed to be her husband—to change their boarding place, and finally to remove to this rather lonely house in the outskirts of the great city.

Now she was going to the window to look out; not that she needed to look out to see every least object in sight. She had spent too many hours at that little window, with nothing else to do but count the dwarf trees and the straggling bushes, that were the only things that flourished in that soil.

There was an old, empty bird's nest in the tree nearest the window; looking up she saw the nest fall.

She knew in a moment that some hand had disturbed the drooping branch where the nest hung; she almost knew the mocking face she would see when she should look down; the sneering lips and the cold, cruel eyes, yet for a moment she still looked upward, feeling all the time her face grow pale and her limbs tremble under her.

At last she looked downward.

It was there just as she had seen it in her fancy. The mocking face that had tormented her, long ago, when she was a girl-teacher in the dingy little schoolroom at Chapelle; that had followed her out of France and back again, and was now come to stand between her and her lover.

A low curse broke from her pallid lips.

He laughed aloud, as he swung himself up by the bending branch, until his hand touched the broad window-sill.

It was a gesture not to be mistaken. He was about to come in.

It was not that she sanctioned it, but that she could not help it, that Felicie moved backward from the window, and allowed him to follow her.

For one moment she had been tempted to strike him—to dash her white, warm hand against his smiling face, and so prevent his entrance. But she reflected that he would come again, and that it was better to be on her guard, and try to match his wit with wit as subtle.

As he followed her step by step, she put up both hands and said in a low but determined voice:

"Stop where you are. I will not have you come a step nearer. Whatever you have come to say can as well be said in one place as another."

"Ah, my angel, I have not much to say; but I suppose I may tell you that I weary of acting; that I have lend you to M'sieu long enough, and that I have come to claim my own!"

She looked regally beautiful as she stood there, her dark face cut like a stone cameo against the sunny daylight; for suddenly the clouds had parted and the sun had come forth in his splendor; her red lips half-parted, and her wonderful eyes shining like stars in a wintry sky.

"Your acting is good, but we are not in the theatre now. Talk common sense, and I may listen; but attempt any more such nonsense and I shall leave you at once."

"Ah!" he hissed, opening and shutting his lips, "my angel's hands are clean, are all free from stain, that she dares so to scorn the man who loves her?"

"*Don't* treat me to sentiment, Gustave. I get enough of that daily; but whether it is paid at my feet with a purse of gold, or comes from a beggar's lips, it makes no difference."

"And if I say you shall listen to this sentiment—that you shall cling round Gustave's neck, and beg him not to set you out in the cold for the crowd to laugh at—that you shall stay with me, if I will have you, day and night, and give me kisses from your beautiful mouth—ah, Felicie, how you will like that? Will you make terms with the poor beggar before it is too late?"

"And if I don't choose to make any terms?" she asked.

"Then you will have ruin, and no one to shield you, my dear," he said in a shrill tone.

"I!" she repeated haughtily. "Don't you know that it is beyond your power to harm me, ugly villain though you are? That if you told all you know, Guy Hawthorne would still love me and hold to me? Poor fool," she added, "don't you know that he has disowned his own daughter—his own child—for my sake? That if he dies first, I shall come into possession of his property, and be mistress of Hawthorne Banks?"

"Only a man's wife can be mistress of his house," he said in a slow whisper. "Did you dream you were that, my little tiger?"

She laughed lightly, and touched her bosom.

"I have my marriage paper here," she said, drawing out a slender gold chain from which depended a large gold medallion. "I wear it shut up in this little toy day and night. Did you dream of stealing it, Gustave?"

The mocking face before her vanished; and there was in its place an incarnation of hate.

"Do you dare refuse me, then? Am I poor fool at last? You are sure, Felicie Montcontour, that you will never have repentance for this hour's work? Then I tell you my little secret that I keep so long!"

He waited for an answer, but she did not speak.

"You have thought I did not see through your little tricks," he said, without a shadow of change in his face; "but jealousy opens men's eyes, my dear, always. I did not take the madam's life that night when you bring me the ten thousand dollar. M'sieu's wife is very much alive, and is in Paris to look for you!"

"You are telling a lie only to frighten me."

"It is no lie!" he said, fiercely. "Come with me and you shall see her. I did only give her a wonderful powder to make sleep come like death; but I take her out of her grave and hide her away that very night! And then I awake her again, and lo, she is here! Gar, but I did make one sure guess when you slip down the ladder of vines to meet your lover in the garden. But I bide my time, my dear! And now you will come with me?"

She was forced to believe him at last. There was a terrible truth written in every line of his wicked face.

He stepped forward and took her hand, and she did not forbid it.

"You will come?" he asked, with a mingled look of hate and triumph in his face.

"No, no!" screamed a woman's voice, and Eudora Montcontour ran into the room, followed to the threshold by honest Gault Nickerson, and clasped her daughter in her arms.

Bertha Hawthorne had not come. She was not well, and she felt as if she would rather not face her recreant husband before so many witnesses. And she felt that she could not meet Felicie.

Felicie looked wonderingly into her mother's face; but Gustave, determined not to be foiled again, seized her hand and attempted to drag her backwards.

"Unhand my wife, you villain!"

It was Guy Hawthorne's voice.

He had returned earlier than had been his intention, and paused a moment, bewildered, at the door.

He could not read the meaning of the strange scene.

Gault Nickerson, he was sure, was an entire stranger, and he could not see the face of the woman who held Felicie in her arms.

But that other face—the cunning, cruel, crafty face of his wife's murderer; the man to whom he had paid money for committing a dreadful crime—that face he knew, and dreaded he knew not what danger.

As his enemy did not heed his command, Guy drew a pistol from his side pocket and raised it with a threatening look.

But quick as the motion had been, the angry Frenchman was before him.

He, too, carried a loaded revolver; and taking instant aim with one hand, while he still held Felicie's hand, he fired.

It was a fatal shot.

Before Gault Nickerson, who had sprung forward to avert the deed, could reach him, he fell on his face, dead!

The ball had reached his heart; and Guy Hawthorne had passed away from the scenes of his folly and guilt, to settle his long account.

It had been a terrible retribution.

Felicie escaped from her mother's arms, and knelt, with a haggard face and wild eyes, beside the dead man, calling his name with a pitiful entreaty that went straight to her mother's heart.

For the time she seemed to forget that there were strangers in the room—to forget that her enemy was watching every motion with jealous eyes—to forget every thing but that the man she had loved was dead, and that she was alone in the world.

She had consented to be his wife—had even schemed for it; and been willing to exchange her soul for his gold; but aside from that she really loved him as well as she had ever loved any human being—as well, perhaps, as it was possible for her to love.

She had risked everything, and lost.

What if it was indeed true—that other dreadful thing which this man had told her?

These thoughts flashed through her mind in a moment of time.

She looked up with tearless eyes, and saw a woman standing near her, with a face full of tender pity and eyes overflowing with tears.

Before she had time to wonder who she was, the servant came running up the stairs, crying out with terror at sight of the dead master of the house.

Gustave had leaped from the window before any one could hinder him, and was already far out of sight.

"Go and call some one to take charge of this body," said Gault to the girl, who stood by moaning and wringing her hands.

When she had gone he stooped and took Felicie's hand to lift her up, but she refused to move.

"Who are you?" she cried out. "Why do you come here to mock my grief?"

"My name is Gault Nickerson," he replied, "and I am your Aunt Judith's husband. But why don't you ask who she is?" he continued, pointing with one finger at Eudora, who stood a little way off, with a face pale as ashes.

Felicie looked up curiously, but in a moment more she began to tremble.

"Is it the woman you call Judith? Is it my poor mother's sister?" And she rose and went a step nearer the silent figure. "Oh, if it is, love me for my mother's sake—the poor mother I have never known! Indeed I love, and pity, too."

"I do love you, my darling," Eudora said, in a voice that trembled with emotion. "But I am not Judith."

"Who, then?" questioned Felicie, anxiously.

"Can you think of no nearer and dearer name than aunt, my child?"

Felicie trembled so that she could hardly stand.

"If she had not died years ago, I should think it might—be—my—mother."

"I am your mother, darling! Come, and hide your sorrow in my arms. Though all others forsake you, I will never forsake you! Come, my darling!"

Only one moment she hesitated. The next she was sobbing in her mother's arms.

"But I thought you were dead," she said, at length. "Papa always told me so, and he told him so," she added, giving one shuddering glance at the motionless form on the carpet.

"Perhaps he thought so," said Eudora, making an effort to speak calmly; "for I had escaped, and he never traced me."

Felicie made no further effort to question her mother. She was content to let the future bring her all necessary knowledge.

But she glanced nervously toward the door.

"They will come by and by and take him away," she said; "and what will they do with me?"

"We shall be detained as witnesses, doubtless. Do you know—can you swear as to the murderer?"

"Yes," Felicie answered, shivering. "It was Gustave Feder."

"What!" cried Gault Nickerson, in a startled voice. "The villain that poisoned *his* wife and hid her a prisoner in our house!"

The red blood rushed to Felicie's face. Brow and cheek and neck were dyed in the scarlet flush.

"Hush," said Eudora; "don't you remember?"

"I know what people have told us—that the man who is lying here dead had married her! But seems to me that nobody thinks of the real wife, who is waiting to forgive him who will never sue for pardon now. What will she suffer when she hears of this day's work?"

"Send him away, my mother," whispered Felicie in her mother's ear. "Let him go to her! Ah, I never thought she was alive. Did I not see her put in the grave?"

"It has been a strange case," said her mother, gently. "Of course you believed her to be dead."

For a moment Felicie buried her face in her hands. When she looked up again there was no trace of color in her face.

"If it is true that she, Bertha Hawthorn, is alive, then what am I? Can you hold me to your heart still, my mother?"

The warm kisses showered on her face were sufficient answer.

"Oh, I have so much of which to repent—so much still to tell!" she moaned. "And I should never have thought of repentence if I had not found you, my own dear mother! Will you have patience with me through all?"

"Through all," Eudora Montcontour answered, softly, pressing her daughter to her heart.

At her suggestion, Gault went away before the arrival of the officers.

But mother and child were found, clasped in each other's arms, heedless of the corpse beside them, when at last the room filled up with a crowd of curious seekers after excitement.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Edgar Fields found the stairs instinctively, and rushed up like a whirlwind, Polly following as closely as she could, in his steps.

He could see the gleam of light under the door to the right, and he ran against it with all his force.

The door rattled on its hinges, but did not give way.

He was about to make a second attempt when he felt the pressure of a little hand on his arm, and a hurried whisper in his ear.

"I am strong, and I love her! Let us try together!"

Once more they stood back, and then ran headlong against it.

It flew open.

The rusty lock had given way under their united strength, and they walked into the room hand in hand.

Edgar Fields looked indeed as if he did not mean to let the little hand go, but at the sight that met him as he crossed the threshold, he forgot his little Polly, and springing forward seized Aaron Gunn by the throat.

Phyllis had put the little square table between them, and was keeping him at bay, though her face was turning deathly white, and she trembled so that she could hardly stand.

When she realized the fact that she was delivered from her deadly peril, she fell back almost fainting on the bed.

Polly flew to her side, leaving Edgar Fields to deal with Mr. Gunn as he thought best.

What he did was quick and to the point. He dragged him outside the door, and threw him down on the landing at the top of the narrow stairs.

"You'd better let me be!" Aaron Gunn managed to say in a hoarse, choking kind of voice.

"I don't know why I should let you be," the young doctor answered, with a twist of his half-torn collar. "I've a good mind to kick you down stairs, but that the fall might break your neck, and the gallows be robbed of one of its worthiest victims."

Aaron Gunn got up from the floor, very dusty and decidedly angry.

"You had better take yourself off, before I change my mind. It won't be safe for you, if you stand there half a minute longer."

The cowardly villain was half blind with rage, but he knew which way safety lay, and went down the stairs as fast as he dared in the darkness.

Then turning on his heel, without another look at the retreating figure, Edgar Fields walked back into the room where Polly was sitting with Phyllis' head resting on her shoulder.

Phyllis rose to her feet, while a painful blush lingered on either cheek.

"I do not know how to thank you," she said, extending her hand. "I believe you have saved me from something worse than death."

"And it's happy he ought to be for the chance of saving so sweet a lady," broke in Polly, her cheeks as red as roses, and her eyes brighter than the dew.

"Miss Polly Topton expresses my thoughts as well as I could myself have expressed them," he said, taking the hand she offered him. "I cannot be thankful enough that my good angel led me this way to-night."

"Your good angel was Polly, I suspect," Phyllis replied, smiling. "So part of my indebtedness is to her."

"Polly Topton," he said, possessing himself once more of the little hand, resting on the edge of the white pine table, "has the knack of doing good deeds unawares! She has done more for me, with her cheerful good-nature and her modest contentment, than you would believe, Miss——"

"Now that's like me!" cried Polly. "Once I get excited by anything, good or bad, and I forget my lady ways! Mr. Fields, let me introduce you to Miss Hawthorne, once my mistress, now my honored friend. Dear Miss Phyllis, it is the good, young doctor, who has given me his rooms to keep tidy, and has spoken the good words for me otherwhere, too."

The introduction, quaint as it was, put the three at once on friendly footing.

"Miss Polly has given me her confidence, though only in part, I believe, for she has assured me that very likely at some distant time in the future, if Miss Hawthorne did not forbid the bans, she may be induced to come and take care of my rooms altogether. You can't think what a different-looking place that dull old office has become under her humanizing influence!"

"Miss Phyllis, I did mean to tell the secret to-night, but you see I was too late in beginning."

They had been standing up, but Polly, once more her thoughtful self, ran and brought two chairs, while she prepared to curl herself up on the foot of the bed.

"It is late, and I must not sit down, Polly; but I cannot consent to go away and leave you two young ladies in such dangerous quarters."

"Sure enough," said Polly; "there's the door broke down; what will we do?"

"Will you agree to follow my suggestions, if you can think of nothing better?"

"Of course we will," said Polly, in the unquestioning confidence of her loving heart. "Won't we, Miss Phyllis?"

"You decide the question and then ask me," Phyllis replied, gravely; "but I think we do really need advice."

"My mother lives about two miles from here," he said, eagerly, "and would be very glad, I am sure, to have you come to her, to-night. I can get a carriage and we will take your trunks along, for of course you will not wish to come back here."

"You are very kind, Mr. Fields, and we will accept your offer in the spirit in which it is made. We have really no choice in the matter, and cannot decide what to do until to-morrow. I always like to look at trouble by daylight. I can tell then better how to meet it."

"Do you think you will be safe until I return?" he asked, somewhat anxiously. "I shall be obliged to go three or four squares to find a cab."

"I don't think we need fear any further alarm at present. Polly is a brave little woman."

Edgar Fields looked as if he would like to add something to this praise, but he, finally, only laughed, and said he knew it!

And, with this laughing rejoinder, he walked off, whistling his good-humor as he went; while Phyllis and Polly set to work to put the articles which were scattered about the room into their trunks, and to put on their bonnets and shawls, so as to be ready at a moment's notice.

The two trunks they had piled up in front of the door, making an effectual barricade against all possible danger; and when that was accomplished, they sat down, hopefully, to wait.

"Polly," said Phyllis, "you are a very wise girl, even if you do act upon impulse."

"I am glad you think so, Miss Phyllis," Polly replied, demurely; "because there's nobody's good opinion I value as much as I do yours."

"Not even excepting Doctor Fields?"

"Not even excepting him!" said Polly, decidedly. "I think he's good and true, and it is very kind in him to stoop so far as to make me his friend, but I haven't proved him yet. You I know to my heart's core!"

"I think he is proving himself, to-night, Polly. He is a friend in our sorest need, and, if the old adage is a true one, he is a friend indeed!"

"Thank you for saying that, Miss Phyllis! I love him, anyway, and so I don't suppose I shall ever see any fault in him. He seems far above me, but he has never made me feel it. He says he is but a poor young doctor, and that if I'll be his wife, I shall help him make a living for the two of us," said Polly, quaintly.

"Hush, he is coming, and he will grow vain if you let him know how well you think of him."

"Not he!" was the quick reply. "There isn't a grain of vanity in his whole make-up!"

"Are you all ready? I have got a cab here, and I will help Jack here to carry your trunks down."

"Not a bit of it," Jack cried out, in a hearty way; "mine's the back that's used to the burdens, and heavier ones than thim!"

Swinging them up, he carried them

down, one after the other, while Phyllis and Polly put out the light and ran down the slippery wooden stairs for the last time.

In a much shorter time than it takes me to tell it, they were being whirled rapidly away toward Mrs. Fields' house, and the doctor, sitting opposite them, was wishing that the merry face under the black straw bonnet was the face of his wife, and that this was their home-coming.

In half an hour the carriage stopped before a very handsome house, on a very fashionable street, and they were being led up the steps, and just inside the front door introduced to the poor young doctor's mother.

Polly shrank back abashed after one glance, but Phyllis Hawthorne, feeling more at home than she had done for many months, held up her head proudly, and followed their hostess into her own sitting-room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Although her son had introduced them as his friends, Mrs. Fields did not feel by any means sure who Miss Hawthorne was, or who Miss Topton was, or why they had alighted at her door at that late hour, with such an amount of baggage.

Still she was too thoroughly a lady to show any undue curiosity, though she did glance wonderingly from Phyllis' clear cut, handsome features, to the round, rosy cheeks of the bright-eyed Polly, and wonder if she was expected to show them the same respect, or if there was to be a distinction.

There was to be a distinction, but scarcely of the kind she had supposed!

When they had removed their wrappings, and their trunks had been sent up to their room, Edgar Fields prepared to enlighten his mother, but Polly, with a gesture, silenced him as she nodded her head towards Phyllis.

Phyllis sat with her white hands folded quietly in her lap, listening while Mrs. Fields and her son discussed the topics of the day, and events of common interest to them both, but she did not join in the conversation.

After a little while, they all fell into silence, which Phyllis broke by saying:

"Until I tell you something of my past life and late trials, dear Mrs. Fields, I shall not feel right. If you will kindly listen I will tell you something of my misfortunes, and how we came to trespass on your hospitality to-night."

"Do not feel that you are trespassing at all, Miss Hawthorne, for any friend of Edgar's is always welcome at my house; but if I can help you in any way I shall be glad to listen."

"You may be able," Phyllis said, gravely, "to help me by your counsel. I have no mother to whom I can go, and I have had but little experience in the ways of the world."

Won, perhaps, by the intelligent sympathy she saw shining in Mrs. Fields' eyes, Phyllis, without further introduction, began the story of her life, omitting no incident which could throw light on her present situation.

We need not rehearse a story with which the reader is already familiar.

To Mrs. Fields and to her son it was new and stranger than fiction; but neither of them for an instant thought of doubting anything she said.

Tears came to her listeners' eyes more than once, and when Phyllis came to relate the events of that night, an exclamation of horror burst from her lips.

"That is too dreadful, my dear child. I don't see how you lived through such an ordeal. But you are safe here, and you must not think of leaving us until you have altogether a different prospect from this. You are both welcome to stay as long as you will; and I hope, while with us, you may forget that you are alone in the world."

"Not quite alone, while I have Polly, madam. She is worth her weight in gold."

Edgar Fields got up deliberately, and came across the room to where Polly sat, shy and trembling with a sense of her own short-comings.

"You hear what Miss Hawthorne says, mother mine; now do you think you can find it in your heart to welcome this brave, dear little Polly as your daughter? for I assure you, mother, she holds your son's heart in her hand."

Mrs. Fields looked from one to the other in mute astonishment.

"Oh, no, Mr. Fields, you must take back all you have just said, for I can never, never be your wife!"

"Why not, Polly? Haven't you promised?"

"But you told me you were a poor young doctor, and that I should help make the living," she said, innocently. "I knew you were condescending, even then, to take a poor waif like me and glorify me with your name; but I did love you honestly, sir, and would have labored with you faithfully. But I see now," she added, sorrowfully, "what a mistake I have made! Dear lady, do not fear that Polly Topton will ever try to steal into your family!"

"Polly!" Edgar Fields said, reproachfully, "you shall not leave me in this way! What I said was true. I am poor, for my dear mother's wealth is not mine, though she does give me the warmest corner at her fireside. And you will help to make my living—the real, true kind of living! I am a doctor, my dear little girl, and I know the value of good health and a strong body like yours. Your fresh color and the light in your bright eyes wins my ceaseless admiration; but, Polly, I am a man, as well; and I know the worth of a pure-minded, modest, virtuous woman at a man's fireside, for such a one I have had before me since I left babyhood. In you, Polly, I find another such woman, and I ask you again to be my honored wife."

Polly did not withdraw her hand, but she looked through her tears into his mother's face, as if seeking to find favor there also.

"My son has spoken wisely, dear, and if you love him, as he believes you do, I will not refuse my sanction. I have never had a daughter. Come home with him and fill a daughter's place."

Before she had finished speaking, Polly was on her knees, sobbing from the very pain of her new bliss.

"I think you are an angel, ma'am; and it's no wonder, with such a mother, Mr. Edgar's the man he is! I'll come, and be thankful, when once my dear Miss Phyllis has found her lover again."

"Oh, hush, Polly! You must not hang your chance of happiness on any such slender peg!"

But Polly shook her head, and Mrs. Fields did not say a word.

Perhaps she wanted time to become better acquainted with her son's sweetheart, before she took upon herself the dignity of a wife.

"And now, dear Miss Hawthorne, I am going to send you to bed, for I know after all this excitement, you must be sadly in need of rest. But let a woman, old enough to be your mother, give you a bit of good advice, and of counsel. Do not be too proud to write to your friends, and let them know where you are, and just what you have been doing. If you cannot write to your father, and don't quite trust the man you have professed to love, why write to the good old doctor you told us about. There surely cannot be any harm in that; and whatever happens, you will be sure that you have done your duty."

"I thank you," said Phyllis; and her heart beat fast at the dim possibility that Darley was still faithful.

"Thank me by doing it, dear. If that pretty French girl was such a traitor, is it not possible that she may have made trouble here?"

"Of course it is, dear Miss Phyllis! She is a snake in the grass, and if you once let the sun shine in on her, you'll see all her colors!"

"My Polly is a wise little woman, Miss Phyllis. Be advised by us all, and see if things don't come out brighter than you expect."

"I am tired and shall try to do nothing but sleep to-night; but, to-morrow, I will promise to—think of it!"

And with that assurance they had all to be content.

Mrs. Fields insisted on keeping them her guests for a week at least; and on the second day of that peaceful, almost happy week, Phyllis Hawthorne sent a long letter, of a dozen pages, to good old Doctor Matthews.

What came of it, you shall learn in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXX.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

In this chapter we shall take leave of several of our characters, around whose fortunes some interest centres.

If they have not usurped an interest that properly belongs to those who still remain, it will be fortunate.

For dear Phyllis Hawthorne, with her few faults and her many noble virtues, is after all the heroine of my story.

If any honors are to be divided, let her share them with wise little Polly Topton.

There was of course a three weeks excitement in regard to Guy Hawthorne's death.

The three persons who had been present when it took place were held as witnesses, and gave their testimony when it was required.

They told, too, how they happened to be there, and revealed the name of the murderer.

Of course they were obliged to go into some details that were very unpleasant; and if Felicie had not been surrounded by real friends, her mother, Judith, and Gault, she felt that she could never have kept up under the trial.

But for Bertha Hawthorne, circumstances were still more cruel.

She was friendless and in a strange land; widowed and desolate; yearning for the sight of her child's face, and not knowing where to look for her!

Her fate was indeed a hard one.

Judith sympathized with her, but of course she could not desert her sister for a stranger. Eudora remembered their recent friendship, but she could not be expected to leave her daughter, and Felicie refused, utterly, to be brought into contact with the woman she had so bitterly wronged.

To be sure, Mrs. Hawthorne could not know the exact truth, unless Gustave should be found and should make confession, but she might already know enough to enable her to guess at the rest; and so she refused to see her at all.

It was with a shuddering horror that she thought of what would happen should Gustave Feder be overtaken.

Would he name her as a willing accomplice in his evil deeds?

Would he give her name to the world as a criminal, worse even than hundreds who were wearing out their weary lives under the shadow of prison walls?

Vague thoughts like these followed each other through her brain in those first brief days.

It was only when they were finally released, on the finding of a body in the Seine that resembled closely that of the missing man, that Felicie drew a deep breath.

Even then the haunting terror sometimes returned on dark nights.

The dead man had on clothes which were recognized as having been worn by Monsieur Feder, and in the pockets were letters addressed to him, which, being shut up in a close tin case which Felicie knew was his, had remained uninjured by the water.

At last they were free!

Felicie had told her mother that Phyllis and her maid had long ago returned home, or at least had sailed for New York, and Eudora had repeated it to Mrs. Hawthorne.

On the next steamer Bertha Hawthorne took passage, eager to reach the shores that had welcomed her darling Phyllis.

She dreaded to go again to her old home.

She would never live at Hawthorne Banks again.

She could never endure to be the subject of that morbid curiosity which she knew would be manifested whenever her story should be known, so she decided to go to New York and make a new home there in some one of its pleasant environs, and then find Phyllis.

She wrote a long letter to Dr. Matthews, revealing all these sad secrets, telling him of her husband's death, and requesting him to offer Hawthorne Banks for sale with all its furniture.

She felt as if she wanted nothing which would remind her of that one terrible year of her life.

Felicie Montcontour had been both foolish and wicked, but she had known none of the refining influences of happy home love which shield and mould the lives of other more fortunate women.

Her mother had been sent away from her before Felicie was old enough to remember her. From her father, aside from an inheritance of sinful moods and impulses, she had never received a word of love or caution or tenderness.

She had been left to grow like a weed in a deserted garden, and the only wonder was that there was anything good left in her character.

I would not win sympathy for sin, but sympathy for the sinner. Her sorrow had been self-engendered, but it was none the less real.

She had learned many hard lessons in life; she had many more yet to learn; but now she had her mother for a sweet comforter, and she could not be utterly wretched.

They, too, had gone away into a quiet little country place, about half a hundred miles from the gay, noisy city, and were living a retired life, having no old friends to molest them, and making no new ones.

Gault Nickerson and Judith were traveling about, seeing a little of the great world from which they had been so long shut out.

When they were tired of wandering about they intended to come back and settle down near Eudora and find some honest employment that would serve at least to keep hunger from their door.

Much of this world's goods they did not covet. They had seen enough of grief in high places to be content and happy with a very humble place in life.

They would be satisfied if they were together.

And together we pray they may be for many years yet, for there are but a few gray hairs in their dark locks, and no wrinkles as yet on their honest faces.

It was just at the golden dawn of an August day, and not so many years ago, that Felicie Montcontour stood for a farewell picture, framed in by the trailing vines that ran riotously over the garden wall, over window and doorway, casting dark little shadows of leaves on the muslin curtains and on the pale green of the carpet.

She was thinner than she had been two months before, and her face wore a different expression. Her beautiful, dark eyes—eyes that had lured at least one soul to destruction—were bent on the far-away line of hills that bounded their southern prospect, and her lips had a tremulous motion which spoke plainly of an unquiet heart.

She had been standing there by the open window a full half hour, looking out through those leafy curtains, without stirring from her first position.

She only just moved at the sound of her mother's step on the stairs.

She had been looking at life seriously that morning. It was no longer a paradise through which she wandered in search of sinful pleasures—a fairy land of splendor and gratified desire! Ah, no! the fairy land had been but a mirage in the air which had long ago melted away; the paradise had been but a morning dream which she would fain forget!

Now, life—the real life that lay before her—a life of labor and self-sacrifice, stretched out blankly before her in all its sombre coloring.

Winding through dusty lanes and thorny by-ways, it rose before her in all its dreariness, and she shuddered and turned away from the picture—to meet her mother's fond eyes.

"Felicie, sweet, can you not tell me what it is that troubles you?"

"You won't understand me, if I tell you, mamma," she said, softly.

"Who should understand the mystery of a child's heart, if not the mother who suffered to bring her into the world, my darling?"

"You might understand, but"—she hesitated a little as she said it—"it would make you unhappy, I fear."

Did she remember all that her mother had given up for her, even then?

"You need not fear that, sweet. As long as I have you with me, nothing can render me very unhappy."

"But if I should want to go away, mamma—a great way off, and to be gone—perhaps forever?"

The sad smile with which her mother answered the question was worth volumes written on the depth and breadth of a mother's love.

"Even then, my Felicie, my own beloved child, I could not stand in the way of your happiness. No! not to secure mine for the poor remnant of my days!"

"Then I will tell you," Felicie Montcontour cried out. "And you shall do with me as you will."

Her mother sat down in a wide, cushioned chair before the door, and Felicie crept into her arms, as she had done years and years before, when she was an innocent baby, not knowing or dreaming of evil.

And she told her mother of her latest dream; of a peaceful convent far away, where she might put on black robes and mourn for her sins; where she might be shut out from sight or sound of the wicked world that was still to her full of allurements and temptations; where life would be perpetual penance, and existence a long devotion.

What could Eudora Montcontour say?

She saw that the child she would have cherished had already gone from her in heart, and she did not forbid her footsteps to follow; though when the day came that she did actually go, smiles died on her face forever.

She lived to the end of her days, which were few, with Judith, and is laid to rest on a sunny slope within sight of the gray convent walls.

And now the last remaining figure—the dark, beautiful girl who is yet young and full of life—fades slowly under the convent shadows.

The bells ring, the lights are out, and she bows her head over her brown rosary in silence, while the ghosts of sad memories flit by in the dark.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MURDEROUS SEA FLOWER.

One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking indeed very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with ever so many long petals of a light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opelet clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it could eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful, waving arms, as you call them, have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large, open mouth, which is hidden deep down amongst them—so well hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison, as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and he is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

FACETIÆ

BONNETS IN HEAVEN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"The sweetest thing!" She held it up before me,
A trifle very small, of flowers and lace,
And then she placed it for my admiration,
Upon the curls above her charming face.

"It is a charming thing!" I answered, looking,
Not at the bonnet, but her face, the while,
And she, who thought I meant the airy trifle,
Looked so delighted that I had to smile.

An hour after she sat beside me—
I whispered something 'bout love's paradise;
She answered not—I saw that she was thinking,
By the grave look which darkened in her eyes.

"What are you thinking, love?" I softly asked her;
A moment more and her reply was given:
"Why, I was wondering—now don't think me foolish,
If angels have new bonnets up in heaven."

How Patrick proposes to get over his single blessedness—by proposing to Bridge-it.

Where ten men will cheerfully lay down their lives for a woman, only one will carry her a scuttle of coal.

If you want to place a woman on the very apex of the pinnacle of delight, try one of her biscuit, and then ask her what baker she bought them of.

The following is a specimen of ossuary literature, copied from a grave-stone in Indiana:

Under This sOd our Babie LieS,
it Nether cities nOr HolErs.
IT LivEd Just twenty 7 DayS,
And lost uS $40.

There has been much in the papers of late, mainly from the witness stand, on the pleasant custom and not unpleasant sensation of kissing. On the whole, the Scotch view of that exercise is about the best:

Oh, if it wasna lawful,
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna take it;
If it wasna plenty,
Poor folk couldna get it.

Soul Communion. — Another long pause, and the first bell of the steamer to slacken off steam sounds.

He—"Shall call to see you in the morning."

She—"Do."

He—"What do you eat for breakfast?"

She (smilingly)—"Oh, I don't know; chops, I suppose."

He (imploringly)—"Oh, make me one promise before we part. Do eat mutton chops for breakfast, and I'll eat them, too, and then we shall both be eating the same thing. Promise me—do promise me!"

At that moment the steamer stopped, and Edward and his Angelina parted with the consolation of soul rushing to greet soul through the medium of mutton chops in the morning.

How He Won Her.—A young couple were occupying a rustic seat in Central Park, one evening, and from the expression of the masculine representative's face, it was evident that he was a "goner"—drifted, as it were, over the great psychological Niagara of affection, and was even then being dizzily whirled about in the frothy whirlpool of sentiment. The swimming swans had no charm for him; the eagles were as nothing; and he did not even notice the big white bear.

"Oh, do be mine," he said, attempting to draw her a little nearer his end of the seat.

She made herself rigid and heaved a sigh.

"I'll be a good man and give up all my bad habits," he urged.

No reply.

"I'll never drink another drop," he continued.

Still unrelenting sat the object of his adoration.

"And give up chewing——"

No response.

"And smoking——"

Cold as ever.

"And join the church——"

She only shook her head.

"And give you a diamond engagement ring," he added in, desperation.

Then the maiden lifted her drooping eyes to his, and leaning her frizzes on his shoulder, tremblingly murmured into his ravished ear:

"Oh, Edward, you—you are so good!"

And there they sat, and sat, until the soft arms of night—that dusky nurse of the world—had folded them from sight, pondering, planning, thinking—she of the diamond ring, and he of how on earth he was to get it.

Preliminary to admission to the public schools of St. Louis, answers are required to a list of questions, some of which are at times too much for the intelligence of the unfledged citizens of that city, as witness the following:

A teacher of one of the primary classes, catechised a little ragamuffin a short time since with the following result:

"What is your father's name?"

"Don't know."

"Don't know your father's name?"

"No."

"Well, what do the neighbors call him?"

"Don't call him nothin'. They don't see him. He ain't never home 'cept nights."

"Then," as a bright idea occurred to her, "what does your mother call him?"

"Why, she calls him 'old fool.'"

At this point his researches into the secret history of that family ceased.

On another occasion a little candidate grappled successfully with every question on the list until the one, "What is your father's occupation?" was propounded, when he was forced to admit that he did not know what that word meant.

"I mean, what does he do?" said the teacher.

"Oh! he builds fires."

"Ah! he's a janitor, then?"

"I don't know what that means, neither."

"Why, a janitor is a man that builds fires, and sweeps out, and takes care of a building."

"I guess he ain't that kind, then, cos he don't sweep none."

"Doesn't he? Well, where does he build fires?"

"I don't know," said the little fellow, very emphatically, and in a tone betraying considerable irritation; "he's dead."

ONLY A SUMMER DREAM.

BY OLIVE BELL.

A June morning all brightness, and gladness, and sunshine, and a young girl tripping up a green lane edged with a trimly-clipped hedge, her berry basket swinging from her arm, and her dimpled face crimson with health, and exercise, as she danced into the tidy door-yard of a cozy farm-house, singing as gaily as the thrushes in the dewy meadows by the river side. Her blue gingham dress was damp with dew, and clung to her figure like a wet rag; her hat was battered and torn with brambles, but underneath its tattered rim danced a pair of blue eyes, that shone like stars, and curling down about the ivory-white throat were rings of hair that looked like waves of yellow gold. She was as lovely a picture of beauty unadorned, as one could imagine; but when is a pure, simple-hearted young girl not beautiful? And Jessie Harper, in spite of her seventeen years, was as guileless as a little child, and as pure as the waxen lilies she loved to gather from the perfumed waters of "Lily pond."

"Mother," shouted the fresh young voice as she entered the breezy hall, "there's not a berry in the clearing; but the lily buds are just open——"

Jessie paused in charming confusion; for a stranger stood in the cool hall talking to her mother—a stranger, young and handsome, although his delicate face lacked the hue of health.

"This is Mr. Jannings, our summer boarder, my daughter," said her gentle-faced mother, with a disapproving glance at her daughter's flushed face, and dew-wet garments.

"Mr. Jannings?" cried Jessie, with the frank impulsiveness of a child, as she laid her dimpled fingers in the thin palm of the stranger, "Why, I thought Mr. Jannings, was old, and——"

"Ugly," laughed Mr. Jannings, as he gazed admiringly into the lovely face, thinking in his heart what a very sweet and piquant face it was.

"Yes, just that!" laughed Jessie, withdrawing her hand with a vivid blush, and darting out through a side door like a frightened bird.

"She is such a child," was the quiet mother's apology, as Jessie disappeared among the vines that clustered about the kitchen porch, singing, 'Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad.' "And all the comfort we have."

Mr. Paul Jannings gazed at the quivering vines that hid Jessie's sylph-like figure from him, and thought it must be rare comfort, indeed, to have such a face as that forever at one's hearthstone.

He had more than once rebelled against his physician's orders, "a quiet summer at some country farmhouse," but if this young girl's company was as charming as her face, he did not dread the languid days and silent purple twilight hours that had been such a horror to him.

As for Jessie, she was too much bewildered by Mr. Jannings' youthful appearance to think clearly on any subject. She had expected him to be old, ugly, gouty and whimsical—all her mother's former boarders had been that—but instead, she saw a tall, graceful, youthful man, with the most bewitching velvety black eyes in the world, not too ill to be cross or helpless to excite all her womanly sympathies in his favor. But she resolutely avoided him all that day, only singing softly to herself, when she knew he was resting on the lounge in the parlor; and when all her evening work was done, went off by herself, down the path that led to the lily pond, leaving Mr. Jannings to enjoy his cigar on the shady portico. But Paul Jannings' sharp black eyes caught a glimpse of a white dress disappearing through the shrubbery, and in an instant his cigar was flung into the grass, and he was following Jessie at a swinging pace.

"I declare I feel stronger already," he said to himself, as he drew in great mouthfuls of the delicious evening air. An increase of strength he rejoiced in, a moment later, for when he reached the bank of the pond, Jessie was standing upright in a frail shell of a boat, which by some mischance or other, struck a projecting root, and capsized, hurling Jessie into a mass of water-lily plants, whose fibrous roots held her down. Paul leaped into the water and drew her out, panting and half-smothered.

"What did you follow me for?" was Jessie's petulant query, when they reached the bank.

"To save you from drowning, I suppose," was Mr. Jannings' reply, as he leaned heavily against a tree, for the sudden fright and exertion had almost mastered his strength. Jessie was vigorously wringing the water out of her dripping garments, but she glanced up earnestly into his pale face, the weakness in his voice alarming her.

"Forgive me!" she said, pitifully. "You are wet and chilled. I ought to be thankful you were here. I believe those roots would have held me down until I would have smothered. What a lovely shroud I would have had!"

She turned her clear blue eyes, and gazed abstractedly a second at the floating mass of green leaves, starred with waxen-white buds. Then she caught Paul's arm, and hurried him homeward.

"You will get your death standing here in your wet clothes. Do you know, Mr. Jannings, if ever I commit suicide, I will die among those lilies."

"You?" exclaimed Paul Jannings, a cold shiver running through his veins. "What could induce you to commit suicide?"

"Nothing," her laugh rang out clear and silvery, "unless I should suffer as I have seen women suffer, who have loved and been deceived. I think if any man should win my love, and then throw me aside for another, I could die willingly."

Paul Jannings looked down pitifully at the little flower-fair face, and thought what a pretty crushed lily she would be, if the bitterness of love betrayed ever came to her.

"Let us hope no such dismal fate awaits you," he said, earnestly, as they reached the porch, and Jessie ran laughingly up to her room. Paul was ill for a few days after that, and Jessie was so delicate and assidious in her attentions, that Paul almost forgot, under the bewildering influence of golden sunshine, fragrant flowers, and Jessie's growing attractions, that every tender thought, or loving look he gave this innocent young girl, would be thorns in her pillow before many months. His affianced wife, a beauty, and the belle of many a watering-place, wrote him dainty perfumed notes, which he read dutifully, and laid away with kind thoughts of the absent ones; yet one flash of Jessie's beautiful eyes would drive the writer out of his head, and he would join in her rambles for flowers and berries, with a delicious feeling of content.

So the summer days drifted on, Paul reveling in renewed health and a restlessness that no fashionable summer resort had ever given him, and Jessie slowly awakening to thoughts and feelings that but a few weeks ago had been unknown to her simple mind.

She never gave a thought to the difference in their social positions—Paul, a scion of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the land, she the pretty daughter of an humble farmer—but allowed him to row her out among the lilies, to crown her with dewy blossoms, read to her, sing to her, and feed her with the great luscious berries that lined the hedgerows, never dreaming of a day when this blissful life should end, and this glory, which seemed to clothe earth and sky with supernal brightness, should vanish forever.

Paul Jannings was no heartless flirt, no dishonorable man, and it was only his engagement to Miss Chalmers that kept his lips sealed, and withheld from Jessie the words she had a right to expect, and hungered to hear. For Paul never spoke a word of love, although evidences of his idolatrous passion broke out in a thousand ways.

"It would be a great match for her," said farmer Harper to his wife, as they sat on the kitchen porch and watched Paul and Jessie strolling through the meadow.

"And good enough she is for him," replied the proud mother, "for she's as pretty as a picture."

She *was* growing lovelier. There was a brighter light in her eye, a softer glow on her dimpled cheeks, and a merrier ring in her voice, as the September days came in and crowned the hills with a deeper tinge of gold, and Paul broke off purple clusters of grapes and dropped them into her lap as she sat in the arbor. Once, when she glanced up suddenly, she was startled at the strange look on his face, for it had occurred to Paul that he must leave Jessie, or break his engagement with Miss Chalmers, an alternative he shrank from, for she was his ideal of a truly noble, cultured woman.

"What is it makes you look so serious, Paul?"

Jessie did not hesitate to call him Paul now.

"I was thinking," he tried to speak lightly, "what you would say if I should leave you, and never come back."

A shadow crept into her blue eyes, and her lips quivered a little.

"I would be tempted to find a grave among the water lilies, I think," she replied, then blushed hotly at the unguarded confession.

"You must not think of such a thing," Paul said, sternly, although his heart ached with sudden dread. "We have been good friends, Jessie, very good friends, but there has been nothing in our friendship to justify that."

"Perhaps not," Jessie said, a little coldly.

Then she gathered up her sewing and hurried into the house.

A moment later Paul heard her singing some merry song, and inwardly rejoiced that her young heart was not seriously interested in him, for he could not honorably break his engagement. As for himself—well, he sighed and thought drearily he would rather suffer a lifetime of misery than give Helen Chalmers a moment's pain. Jessie was young, and would forget him, he reasoned, while he would go through the world with the memory of this brief blissful summer safely buried in the most sacred corner of his heart.

The afternoon wore slowly away, and still Paul sat in the arbor consumed with a thousand contending emotions. He heard voices at last that aroused him from his stupor, and a familiar ring in one caused him to hasten out.

What did he see? Jessie Harper standing under the honeysuckles, a perfect picture of innocence and purity in her white dress and blue ribbons, and a tall lady in silver gray, who was talking earnestly.

"This is farmer Harper's?" said the lady.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Jessie, a little awed by the stranger's elegance.

"You have a summer boarder?"

"Yes; Mr. Janninga."

Jessie's eyes drooped.

"Ah! No wonder he improved so fast. He has had a charming nurse."

The lady laughed pleasantly.

Jessie blushed painfully.

"I did my best," she said, humbly. "Is he your brother?"

"No; my intended husband."

This was said in a careless tone, but the soft gray eyes watched Jessie's face keenly.

But Jessie never flinched. Her voice was as clear as a bell when she spoke again.

"Indeed! He is in the arbor. I will call him."

But Paul prevented her by stepping from behind the grape vines, relieved at Jessie's coolness.

"Helen!" he said.

And Helen ran to him with outstretched hands, and held up her red lips for his kisses.

"What a perfect face that young girl has," was Miss Chalmers' comment, as she looked around for Jessie; but Jessie was gone.

Paul Janninga accompanied his intended bride to the village hotel, and at sunset came back to make preparations for leaving the farmhouse. He found Mrs. Harper worried about Jessie, who had gone to the lily pond early in the evening, and had not returned.

Paul hurried off in search of her. He felt ill at ease and excited, a thousand strange fancies running through his brain; fancies that changed to fearful realities, when he saw her little boat floating among a mass of lilies, with Jessie's hat and blue ribbons lying in the stern.

"My God, spare me!" he moaned in agony of spirit, as he waded out into the deep water; "let me not have this girl's death to answer for."

He found her under an odorous clump of blossoms, a bunch of buds held close to the poor wounded heart that could not bear the shame of giving its love unasked.

He carried his dead burden home, and laid it at the stricken parents' feet.

They thought her death the result of an accident; but Paul Janninga never forgot that the beautiful dead face he had covered with remorseful kisses was the face of a suicide.

Put that idea of knowing all things in heaven and earth out of your heads. It is very little that we can ever know, either of the ways of Providence or the laws of existence.

KISSED BY MISTAKE.

BY R. A. W.

"Will you be at home to-night, Mary?"

And the speaker, a tall, muscular, well-looking farmer, reddened to the roots of his hair, as though he had committed some very wicked act instead of asking a simple question.

He was bashful, extremely so, was James Brown, at least, in the presence of ladies, and, most of all, in the society of the girl he loved.

How he contrived to approach Mary Williams on the subject of his preference for her, probably remains as much a mystery to himself as it is to others.

James was worth, in a worldly way, more than any of her suitors; good-looking and intelligent enough to satisfy any one but an over-fastidious person.

"Mother is going over to Aunt Em's to spend the evening, and wants me to go; but I won't. I've been working on father's shirts all day, besides doing the dairy work, and am as tired as I can be; so they will have to go without me. Don't come until eight o'clock; I shall be through putting things to rights then, and will let you in."

Of course James so far forgot his bashfulness as to petition for a good-bye kiss, which was peremptorily refused.

"No, I shan't! Think I didn't see you fidgeting round Sarah Jones yesterday? I've not forgotten that, sir!"

"Now, Mary——"

But the appeal was broken off by a tantalizing little laugh, and as he sprang forward to take a pleasant revenge on his tormentress, she slipped away, and ran up the path to the house, where he saw her wave her hand as she disappeared within the kitchen porch.

And then he turned from the gate, and took the road homeward.

The tea-things had been carried out, the table set back against the wall, and Mary's workstand drawn up in front of the blazing fire.

Mary was sewing and thinking how she could tell her mother she expected a visitor.

She would have given the world to be able to say, in an off-handed manner, that she expected Mr. Brown to drop in about eight.

"I shall not dare to her; she'll be sure to think I wished to get her out of the way, so I might have James all to myself, and I should never hear the last of it."

And, like a wise little puss, she was silent.

You would not have wondered at our young farmer's enthralment, if you could have seen Mary Williams as she sat by the fireside that cold November evening.

A neatly-fitting, dark calico, with the new look still on it, a fresh linen collar, and tasteful black silk apron.

These were the chief items of Mary's toilet; but she looked as sweet and dainty in her plain dress as if hours had been spent in donning laces and jewels.

Eight o'clock and past.

Mrs. Williams was dozing in her chair—her shadow on the wall bobbed about in grotesque mimicry as she nodded to and fro, and her fat hands lay listlessly in her lap, and her ball of yarn had rolled out upon the hearth, and puss was busy converting it into Gordian knots.

And just then came a double rap at the door—so loud, so sudden, so self-assured, that Mary started up, with a little shriek, and set her foot on the cat's tail, who, in turn, gave voice to her amazement and displeasure.

The combined noise aroused Mrs. Williams, and, starting into an erect posture, she rubbed her eyes, settled her cap border, and exclaimed:

"Bless my soul, Mary! What was that? Somebody at the door? Who can be coming at this time of night?"

"It is not late, mother—only a little after eight. I'll go and see who it is," said Mary, demurely, taking the candle from the table.

"No. You wind up my ball, and sweep up the hearth, while I go to the door," said the old lady, whose feet were struggling in the meshes of the unravelled yarn. "Drat that cat!"

And all this time James was standing on one foot in the cold porch, with his hands in his overcoat pockets, wondering if Mary had fallen asleep, and every now and then giving the door a rap by way of variation.

In her hurry, Mrs. Williams forgot to take the candle, and, as she stepped out in the little front entry, the sitting-room door slammed after her.

She found herself in the embrace of a stout pair of arms, a whiskered face in close proximity to her own, and, before she could think about the strangeness of her situation, she received a prolonged kiss—a hearty smack—full upon her lips.

"Oh! 'Tain't Obadiah, neither!"

She had by this time divested herself of the impression that it was her usually sober spouse, who must have come home in an unusually excited condition thus to indulge in such an unwonted expression of affection.

"Get out! Get out, I say! Who are you? Murder! Thieves! Mary, come here! Here's a man kissing me like mad!"

But the intruder had discovered his mistake—it did not need the indignant pummelling and scratching of the lady's vigorous fist to cause him to relinquish his hold and fly as if pursued by some indignant ghost.

Mary, nearly choking with smothered laughter, in spite of her trepidation, now came to her mother's rescue.

"I never was so frightened in all my life? Who could it be? Mary, have you any idea?"

But that dutiful daughter was, to all appearances, innocent as a dove.

She soothed the old lady by representing that it might have been one of the neighbors, who, having drank too much, had mistaken the house and the housewife.

She searched the entry for the missing spectacles, dropped in the scuffle; rearranged the rumpled cap-border; wound up the tangled yarn; stirred the fire—all in the most amiable manner possible—and at length had the satisfaction of seeing her mother subside into the chair with her accustomed tranquility.

But Mrs. Williams was fully awake now.

She had a new idea in her head; and, instead of settling herself for another nap, she pursued the train of thought and her knitting at the same time, with wonderful rapidity.

At length stopping, and looking keenly at Mary, she said:

"I suppose it's a queer notion of mine, Mary, but I've an indistinct idea that that man was Jim Brown."

If Mary's face did not fire up then!

You might have lit a candle by it.

These incipient symptoms did not escape the wary inquisitor.

"'Pears so to me, 'cause those big whiskers were so much like his'n, and the awkward way he gripped me with his great paws."

Mary was wonderfully busy.

She bent over her work, and threw the needle through so rapidly that the thread snapped, and then she was so engaged in threading her needle again, that she didn't have time to answer.

"I don't think that kiss was meant for me, after all. Wonder who it was intended for? And I wonder if you don't know something about it, Mary?"

"Me, mother?"

"Yes, you, Mary. You was mighty anxious to get me and father off to Aunt Em's this evening, but I noticed you were dressed up extraordinary, for all you weren't going. Mary, I'm getting old, I know it; but I haven't lost my eyesight yet. I've heard something about this between you and James Brown. What are you playing that game for? Out with it, I say."

Our little schemer, thus adjured, made a "clean breast" of the matter, much relieved to find that mother "hadn't nothing agin him," and would "give father a talk about it, and bring him all around on the subject."

"But, Mary, I want you to tell Jim I'd rather he wouldn't make such a mistake agin. I don't like the feel of his big whiskers about my face. I don't approve of promiscuous kissing."

James never heard the last of that blunder.

Old Williams used to delight in rehearsing the story whenever all parties interested happened to be present.

He would shake his fat sides at James' discomfiture, and his wife's tart replies, and Mary would join him, and both would laugh until the tears ran down their cheeks.

"Never mind, Jim," Mrs. Williams would say, consolingly. "Let him laugh. He'd have been only too glad to have been in your place, twenty years ago. He had to work to get a kiss from me then. And I hope it will be a lesson to you and Mary agin the impolicy of concealment and such underhand doings of all sorts."

THE LAST OF THE SAMARITANS

In that same valley of Palestine where Abraham and his grandson Jacob built their altars to Jehovah, and where some sixteen centuries later the Saviour talked with the woman of Samaria by "Jacob's Well," the last remnant of the sect of the Samaritans, numbering only about forty families, is now rapidly dwindling away. A traveler, who has recently resided three months among these unmixed descendants of the best blood of Ancient Israel, assures us that as regards their dress, manners, social customs, religious rites, and other tribal peculiarities, they are the *fac-similes* of their ancestors of thousands of years ago. They have never intermarried with any other race, and claim to be the true "sons of Joseph," whose tomb is in their valley. It is said that to observe their domestic life is to live in a Biblical atmosphere, and to return to the days of the patriarchs. The law is read to them from Gerizim, as it was read to their forefathers from the same sacred mountain as early as the days of Joshua; and along the base of Mount Ebal camels wind their way, carrying on the traffic between Jerusalem and Galilee as it was carried on in the era of the Evangelists.

From 1800 until 1840 the Samaritans were prevented by the Mahometans from celebrating the Passover on Mount Gerizim; but twenty years ago, through Christian intercession, the privilege was restored to them. Their days are numbered, but their history and traditions will cling to the "Valley of Shechem" as long as time lasts. The Greek Church has purchased the Well of Jacob, and filled its mouth with stones, preparatory to erecting a temple over it. It would have been in better taste to leave it as it was when the patriarch watered his flocks there, and as it remained when the Holy Founder of the new dispensation drank of its "sweet water."

The few surviving Samaritans are said to be worthy of their lineage and of the ancient fame of their sect—upright, benevolent, and remarkable for their physical beauty and lofty bearing. Their surroundings are so grand and solemn, that they could scarcely be otherwise than a poetic people. Tabernacled under the shadow of Mount Moriah, on the site of the "City of Refuge," and with the rock of the Holy Place, the stones set up by Joshua, and the spot on which Abraham prepared his son Isaac for the sacrifice, close at hand, we may well suppose that these noblest specimens of the Hebrew race pass their lives in a sort of religious ecstasy, in which the comparative degradation of their present condition is forgotten in the contemplation of a miraculous past.

THE song of the harvest is everywhere. Its notes fall sweetly upon the ear as they float over the land; away there just subsiding, and away there just beginning—and so they will pass the strain along till the music has been wafted round the world.

AT best, life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injured and injurer will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?

IT is not generally known that the good custom of keeping birthdays is many thousand years old. It is recorded in the fortieth chapter of Genesis and twentieth verse: "And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants."

The Philosophy of Disease.

The philosophy of disease is a subject which is well worthy the attention of mankind, but is, unfortunately, more generally neglected than any other under heaven. Decidedly the most important fact that, an examination of it discloses is that, in nine cases out of ten, the originating causes of disease is debility, either general or local, and that the earliest manifestations of its approach are identical with those which evidence a lack of vital power. Such being the case, it is perfectly clear that tonic treatment is what is required in the first instance. As an invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has received the most positive endorsement from eminent physicians, and has long occupied a foremost rank among standard proprietary remedies. Its properties as an alterative of disordered conditions of the stomach, liver and bowels, and a preventive of malarial diseases, are no less renowned, and have been accorded professional recommendation equally emphatic.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

The following is told of a beautiful sheet of water known as the Spirit Lake, in Central Wisconsin:

Many years ago, ere the foot of the pale face had trod the soil which the red man claimed as his own, many tribes dwelt near this lake; for in this lake were fish, and among the bluffs and in the neighboring forest were game; while the warrior, when tired at the chase, could seek pleasure, and find it, bathing in the clear, bright waters, which he only, under the Great Spirit, claimed, and with his light canoe could take his love out boating. Indeed, it seemed to the happy red man a paradise, as well it might.

As fortune would have it, a Frenchman, more daring than his fellows, wandered from the settlements and found the lake; he indulged with the Indians in the pleasure and disappointment of the chase, and lingered long among them. When first he came among the red men he was charmed with the beauty and loveliness of an Indian maiden, and made love to her. She loved in return, and all went on merrily; and when the autumn leaves began to fall, and the feathered songsters to fly away to a Southern home, the French hunter sought an interview with the aged chief, her father, to ask his consent to the hoped-for marriage. But at the same time a young warrior, who had looked with jealous eyes upon the Frenchman, and had often in vain sought to win the affections of the fair maiden of his tribe, came to the old chief and asked for his daughter's hand. The chieftain, disdaining partiality to the warrior on account of the fact that he was one of his tribe, stepped to the bank of the lake with the two suitors, and, pointing to a high, rugged-looking tree upon the opposite shore, said:

"He of you who shall first bring me an eaglet from the nest in yonder tree shall be the successful suitor."

When the old chieftain ceased speaking the hunter and warrior sprang into their light canoes, and were across the lake in a trice. The warrior struck the shore first, but the hunter was the first to first to climb the crags and tree, and was descending with the eaglet, when the faithless warrior pushed him from a limb on which he stood, and the hunter was dashed in pieces on the rugged rocks below.

The Indian maiden, who had watched with painful interest the different transactions proceeding, when she saw her lover fall, leaped far out into the lake with a wild, piteous cry, and sank into the clear waters never to rise again.

The superstitious red men fancy that the spirit of the departed maiden rules the storms, and that it would be death for an Indian to risk himself on the waters of the lake.

THE heart of woman draws to itself the love of others, as the diamond drinks up the sun's rays—only to return them in tenfold strength and beauty.

WORDS, "those fickle daughters of the earth," are the creation of a being that is finite, and when applied to explain that which is infinite, they fail; for that which is made surpasses not the maker, nor can that which is immeasurable by our thoughts be measured by our tongues.

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The following embrace our subjects at present, to which we shall add new from time to time.

CUTE.—A large and fine chromo to delight the eyes of all, especially the young. A golden-haired girl is caressing a dog in the shade of trees near her home. Her hat has fallen from her head, and a rose is in it. Near the group is a beautiful cascade, and the steeple of a village church is seen in the distance. One of the most beautiful of chromos. Size 16x20.

WANT OF CONFIDENCE.—A ruddy-cheeked girl is coaxing her little sister to give a bunch of flowered grasses to a horse. Near by sits the dog, apparently enjoying the little one's want of confidence. Size 16x20.

THE PIONEER.—A scene in the Far West. The red-shirted pioneer has paused in his labor to drink, and is smiling over his cup at the merry little boy on the log. In the background are the rude cabin and the pioneer's wife. Size 16x20.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.—Grandmother occupies the old arm-chair, a little grandchild is on her lap, while another is climbing to the same coveted place. Size 13x16.

IN THE WOODS.—Three little girls have strayed from home, and are gathering wild roses. Size 11x15.

GOOD MORNING.—"Beautiful!" A child just awakened is greeted by her sisters, who have brought her a bouquet of flowers. It is one of our most suggestive pictures, which must be seen to be appreciated. Size 11x14.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—The old stage-coach loaded with tourists has just arrived at the White Mountains. Mount Washington, in its grandeur, is seen in the distance; the foreground is taken up with the coach and its horses, the valley home and green pastures. Size 15x21.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.—As a rural picture recalling old memories, this chromo cannot be surpassed. The antique farmhouse and old well carry the beholder back to other days. A boy tips the "Old Oaken Bucket" on the edge of the well, while his delighted sister looks on. Size 15x21.

THE PETS.—The little girl and her pets, two beautiful dogs, win the favor of all. A charming waterfall adds to the beauty of the scenery. Size 15x20.

YOSEMITE VALLEY, CAL.—A grand picture of this world-renowned valley—the pride of the Golden State. The scenery is romantic and true to life. The towering rocks, the pines in the valley, and the stream that flows among them are perfect. In the foreground is a cascade and several plumed Indians. Size 14x20.

THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET.—This old nursery story is here beautifully illustrated. Baby is regaled with it by the nurse, who takes delight in telling it. Size 13x16.

CONTENTMENT.—A young and beautiful mother is sitting in a chair, her arm enfolding her little daughter; the mother holds a kitten in her lap, while the little girl's hand is tenderly laid on the kitten's head. Old mother pussy sits by, and all is contentment. Size 13x16.

"THE TWO DOVES."—Not two birds, but two doves, for all that. A beautiful girl is teasing, with a bunch of cherries, a snowy dove that is perched on her hand. Size 16x20.

I'M COMING.—The little girl who loiters in the foreground to gather flowers is a model of beauty. You seem to here her say, "I'm Coming!" as she glances over her shoulder at her youthful companion. Size 12x17.

CROSS AND CROWN.—Firmly planted upon the mountain top and covered with flowers, stands the Cross. Above it, and shedding its effulgence far and wide, is the glorious Crown. Size 14x18.

BLUSH ROSES.—It contains a single figure, that of a bewildering blonde, as fair as the blush roses she holds in her hands. Size 16x20.

WINTER SUNDAY IN OLDEN TIMES.—This picture recalls the good old Sabbaths of long ago. We have the antique church, covered with snow, and the good folk coming to worship. Near by is the parsonage and schoolhouse, and in the background a range of snowy hills. Size 10x12.

"FLOWER PIECE."—This chromo is a copy of the original by Mary Spencer, and deserves the praise it has received from art critics. The flowers are admirable, and the picture is sure to delight all. Size 12x18.

CHRISTMAS.—The centre of Christmas represents "THE BIRTH OF CHRIST" in *bas relief*, and the whole is surmounted by an appropriate wreath of flowers. Size 13x17.

POMONA'S RICHES.—Pomona, the goddess of fruit, ever lavish with her gifts, displays in this elegant chromo some of her riches. The fruits are very tempting and true to nature. It is undoubtedly the finest piece ever offered for sale. A brief description cannot do it justice. Size 13x18.

AMERICAN DESSERT.—This is an elegant chromo, and, in many respects, a national picture. The Southern orange, the Delaware peach, the California grapes, and the Ohio wine, combine to make one of the finest dessert pieces ever offered for sale. Size 14x17.

SUMMER.—Two young ladies are gathering roses, a dog with a wreath in his mouth, is springing at them playfully. Near by a little girl is seen throwing flowers over a swan. Size 14x17.

WINTER.—In the foreground two beautiful young ladies, in rich Polish costumes, are gliding over the glistening ice locked in each other's arms, while a pretty greyhound is chasing them. Near by a boy is strapping the skates of a girl. Size 14x17.

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Lost Heir of Linlithgow.	The Two Sisters.
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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

It has been some time since we have paid any special attention to the toilettes of the babies; and the recollection causes a blush of shame to mantle our cheek. Such important members of society are not to be neglected with impunity; and for fear of the dire consequences of such oversight, likely to fall upon our devoted head, we at once set to work to atone for past shortcomings.

There is a noticeable feature in the making of baby trousseau nowadays, which is very commendable, on account of its good common sense. It is the tendency displayed to provide for the comfort and health of the infants, in the form and material of the clothes, rather than to have simply an eye for elaborateness of ornamentation, and a view to display the wealth of the parent.

Low-necked dresses, formerly the only style for dressing the tender, frail little human blossom, whether in winter or summer, have now given place to the sensible high-necked, French yoke slips, with long sleeves. The long, heavy robes, thick with embroidery, are replaced by light, simple gabrielles, or slips, of a length not exceeding a yard from throat to hem.

To commence with, the first garment, which is termed a gown, and which is now made open and sacque shape, with sleeves long and ample, so as to slip on readily. The bottom is simply hemmed, and the throat bound with soft nainsook or linen cambric—no ruffle of lace or embroidery should rub against the tender, velvety skin of a new-born baby. The flannel coat worn for the first six weeks is also open in front, and unencumbered with trimming, the waist being simply a straight band of muslin, which comes up as high as directly under the arms. This strip of muslin has no shoulder-straps, and if made of linen or fine cotton cloth, is troublesome. Persons with an over-sensitive dread of pins, have strings so arranged that they can be overlapped, and tie around the the little body; but we prefer the waist of the barrow-coat, carefully and snugly pinned. The first shirts of fine linen, or linen cambric, are also open in front, and have triangular lappets on the sleeve, both at the top and bottom of it, that button together over any straps that may be above. The flannel petticoat which succeeds the plainer barrow-coat may be embroidered according to fancy, in either linen or silk floss—or, as the Parisian fancy now wills it, trimmed with bands of fine Cluny lace, over blue or pink ribbon, and finished at the bottom by an edging of the same. This dress is pretty enough for variety-sake, but is troublesome to have laundried. Shawls are of fine French cashmere, and are either braided with white star braid—silk, of course—or else richly embroidered with silk floss. Sometimes these shawls are trimmed like the flannel skirts, with Cluny lace and insertion, and several loops of ribbon just in the middle of the back, holding together a few pleats.

Pretty slips for every-day wear are made of fine French cambric or nainsook, having a tucked or corded French yoke, high, of course, in the neck, half-tight-fitting sleeves, with little pointed cuffs at the wrist tucked longitudinally. Sometimes a ruffle is added to the bottom of the slip, which, when fluted, gives quite a pretty effect. Some more elaborate have a tablier front, of alternate clusters of tucks and ruffles, while a ruffle turned back from the middle, and defining the shape of the tablier, extends down each side. These slips have for the most part gabrielle fronts, and full loose sacks, which latter are tied in place by hemmed strings of the material, set on under the arm.

Baby caps are no longer made with high Normandy crowns, but the preference given to the close cottage caps of former days. Little boy babies wear turban caps made of muslin and Valenciennes lace and insertion. The christening robe is generally very elaborate, too much so, we think, consequently cannot cordially endorse many of the prevailing styles for such garments.

One of the prettiest and most appropriate that we have seen, one quite handsome enough for the child of wealthy parents, or simple enough for one whose surroundings may be less luxurious, was of the finest French Nainsook muslin, and cut Gabrielle in front. The entire front was composed of puffs of muslin and Valenciennes insertion. The French imitation of this latter has an equally good effect, and is sufficiently reasonable to be within reach of moderate purses. A wide, soft sash of China crape, white, of course, with fringed ends, or of the sotf twilled serge ribbon now so popular, is worn with this dress.

Next come we to the berceaunette or basket, containing the dainty little appurtenances of the toilette. The most fashionable now are of split ebony, instead of the fine white straw so long popular. The handsomest are lined with blue or pink silk, and trimmed with shirrings of sheer muslin, combined with lace. Bows of ribbon to match in color the lining give a finish to the fairy-like receptacle.

We need not suggest that all of the articles with which it is furnished need to be of the best quality. The best Lubin's toilette powder; the daintiest puff ball; the whitest of Castile soap; the softest brush, ivory backed; the cuningest pincushion, with "Welcome Baby," or a similar greeting, artistically stuck in the smallest and best English pins. All these things, and many more little details superfluous to enumerate, every young mamma will religiously provide for the comfort and honor of her little potentate.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Large painted brooches are now very fashionably worn to fasten ties and sashes.

Kilted suits for boys, with short skirts, are coming into vogue for quite large boys.

Parisian ladies wear a fillet of ribbon around the knot at the back of the head, tied below it in a bow, with moderately long ends.

Combinations of plaid foulard with solid color cashmere will be much used for autumn suits.

Scarfs of delicately colored crape, or of fine white organdie, are worn around the neck, crossed and recrossed low down near the waist.

The newest overskirt is deep, and laid in wide, upturned folds.

Velvet vests will be much worn during the coming season, in connection with silk suits.

Hats for autumn have high, round crowns, with brim drooping in front, and upturned in the back; the trimming a long veil or scarf of gray, or blue grenadine, and a bright-colored wing.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNIE R. — There are lotions for bleaching the hair, but we cannot recommend such. Certainly He who made us knew best as to what should be the color of our hair.

MRS. LE TOUR.—Make your brown cashmere and silk suit after this wise: Underskirt of silk, with one gathered flounce of cashmere, and one pleated flounce of silk. Make a long, square apron of cashmere. Surround it with a pleated ruffle of silk, six inches deep. Put shirred, square pockets of silk on each side of the front. Make a sleeveless cuirass of cashmere; trim with pleated ruffle of silk. Button down the entire front with brown silk crochet buttons. Have your sleeves of silk, laid in upturned pleats, and ending at the wrist in a pleated ruffle. Round collar of silk finishes well the neck. Put a bow with hanging loops of brown faille ribbon behind the middle of the collar. Wear your hair in a low Grecian plait.

NINON.

Summer Resort Items.

WEST POINT is said to be the dullest of all the summer resorts this season.

CANADIAN visitors at Old Orchard Beach are among the merriest, and the season there has been a good one.

THE "Master of Ceremonies" at Saratoga issues a bulletin instructing ladies and gentleman how to dress for the hops and balls.

TABLEAUX by the children are the prevailing amusements with the people at the Rose Standish House, Donner's Landing.

ALREADY there is a demand for another large hotel at Saratoga. It is said that negotiations are being made for the property in front of the United States Hotel as a site for a hotel.

THE visitors at the Springs, Saratoga, this summer included the Turkish, Prussian and Spanish Ministers, and almost every well-known politician, except the President.

WOODCOCK shooters will have hard work this season. The birds seek the rivers and marshes instead of their usual feeding grounds, and the amateur sportsmen are disappointed.

THEY have been giving "garden parties" at the Saratoga hotels. The entertainments are held in the parlor, and people are puzzled to know why they call them "garden parties."

THE first thing William Penn's great-grand-daughters at Cape May say to a young gentleman after the formalities of introduction is, "I suppose you have heard of our Centennial?" As if there's a man, woman or child in the world who hasn't!

AMONG the many resorts on the New England coast few offer greater attractions than the old town of Wells, Me., with its fine facilities for boating, fishing and gunning, its extensive beaches, fine views of the ocean, good hotels and pleasant drives.

THE springs of Ballston Spa are quite as well known, and are said to be as beneficial, as those of Saratoga, while a sojourn at the Sans Souci must be much more satisfactory to the majority of pleasure-seekers than life at the hotels of Saratoga. Ballston Spa is only seven miles distant from the last-named place, while the roads leading to it are marvels of picturesque beauty.

COLONEL J. F. CAKE, of Willard's Hotel, Washington, and Congress Hall, Cape May, intends that Centennial visitors shall find at the hotels under his charge persons speaking all the living languages. It is probable he will go to Europe soon in order to obtain the necessary clerks, cooks, waiters, etc. This is an example we commend to the attention of other hotel keepers.

NEWPORT is anxiously waiting to be advertised by one of those sea monsters which have been seen at most of the watering-places, but for a sensation it appeared at the bathing beach the other day for the first time, in the shape of young ladies who entered the surf with masks on to hide their beautiful faces. For a while it was the town talk, and the following day there was a larger number at the beach, attracted there by the strange announcement of "masks and faces."

IT is estimated that not less than twenty thousand people have visited Beach-Haven, Ocean Grove and vicinity this summer. If the Tuckerton Railroad connect with the Camden and Atlantic at Atco, as is proposed, it will largely increase the travel over both lines, and then these favorite seaside resorts can be visited in less than two hours from Philadelphia. Beach-Haven is now reached in two hours and three quarters, and Atlantic City in one hour and three-quarters. The Camden and Atlantic road is admirably managed and is making money rapidly.

THE prevailing fashion at the seaside this year is to dress in the most elaborate bathing costumes, trimmed in the gayest colors, and to wear straw sandals. After several attempts to "go in," the dear, brave little seaside angels stand on the beach until a wave breaks a little higher than usual, and a tiny bit of foam touches the end of their aristocratic toes, when they all screech out, run into the bathing-house, make their toilets, and, appearing at dinner, tell the yawning young gentlemen that they've been having a swim—"Just too awful jolly and nice for anything." And the yawning young gentlemen believe them.

THE regatta excitement, it is said, has left its imprint on society at Saratoga. Young women no longer ask you for an arm; it is, "Give me your starboard oar, please." Instead of proposing a walk to or through the hotels, they say, "Let us take a pull around the bash-cribs." In the evening, not a waltz, but "a double scull-race" is suggested. After gliding gracefully through a figure or two of the Lancers, your partner, in a whisper, requests you to "make a spurt at the finish." When an awkward dancer trips he or she is said to have "caught a crab." A young woman no longer apologizes for her hair being disarranged, but says that her "row-locks are out of fix."

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.

The Houses of Parliament, which are much more ornate than substantial, are a modern erection upon the site of the old Parliament House, destroyed by fire within this century. The present edifice is a vast structure, which has cost fifteen millions of dollars, and has already begun to crumble away. It is perhaps the finest, as it certainly is the largest, Gothic edifice in the world applied to civil purposes. The river front is nine hundred feet long. The clock tower is admirably proportioned, and it may be said that, looked at in detail, the building is perfect; but as a whole, it fails in impressiveness in consequence of the excess of ornamentation. It adjoins Westminster Hall, through which the House of Commons is entered, and is thus linked to the majesty of the past by its connection with this grand remnant of antiquity. The main hall of the old Westminster Palace is 290 by 68 feet, and 110 feet high. On one side of this hall are the law courts, which are held in small, inconvenient, ill-arranged rooms.

In the immediate vicinity of the Parliament Houses, and faintly and unsatisfactorily shown in the engraving, is Westminster Abbey. This ancient pile is cruciform in style, is 530 feet in extreme length, by 203 feet in width. The west towers are 225 feet high. Henry VII's Chapel, at the east end, is a beautiful example of enriched Gothic. The Abbey was originally a Benedictine monastery, and is said to have been founded by Sebert, king of the East Saxons, about the year 616; enlarged by King Edgar and Edward the Confessor, and rebuilt by Henry III and Edward I. Here the kings and queens of England have been crowned, from the time of Edward the Conqueror to Queen Victoria; and here many of them have been buried. The highest posthumous honor which can be conferred upon a British subject is a burial within the walls of Westminster Abbey.

ANCHOR WATCH YARNS.

DOBSON'S MATE.

The Boatswain's Story.

BY LIEUT H. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M.

It was on the berth-deck of the United States revenue cutter Dolphin, and the men enveloped in the snow white folds of their hammocks were swinging gently to and fro.

Gathered about the stove were seated the petty officers of the vessel, conversing in low tones.

"Cate, just scull that spit kid this way, will ye? If I am to spin the yarn I promised, I must be about it, for I have to turn out at four o'clock, you know."

"Then you are boatswain, and look out for the deck. Old Andrew's around," replied the quartermaster.

"He's flyin' about like a paper man in a squall. Poor old fellow, he will soon be flyin' about off Cape Horn with the rig of an albatross on; and that's better than goin' to Davy Jones' locker, like the common run of land lubbers. But that's got no bearin' on my yarn, so I'll take my departure without further boxin' about the compass:

Twenty years ago I was on a collier sailed by Captain Dobson. We were at Neith for a load of coals, having come there with a general cargo, for which Dobson had eighty pounds freight money stowed away in the cabin.

The mate had left us at Neith, having got a better billet, and I had been expectin' to jump into the vacancy. But one afternoon, a dapper-looking fellow, with his hat on three hairs, a cigar in his mouth, and a swagger that would have taken the shine off of a South Sea whaler, came aboard and spun a long yarn to Dobson. He told him he was on his beam ends, that he hadn't a shot in the locker, and to make a long story short, old Dobson gave him the berth out of charity.

One day, after trimmin' coal, and clearin' up decks for sea, I turned in late, feelin' tired enough. The mate was in his quarters, breathin' like a young grampus; Dobson was up town somewhere, so leavin' the cabin door ajar, I soon dropped off. Once or twice I imagined I heered some one cruisin' about in the cabin, but thinkin' the old man had returned, I paid no attention to it, but rolled over and slept the sounder.

I was roused out all standin' by Dobson a roarin' in my lugs, "Do you hear me now, do yer hear me, I say?" and his big flipper grabbed my shoulder like a vice.

"What's the matter?" I said, as I turned out.

"Matter!" roared the old man. "Matter enough, mon. That blarsted shark of a mate has slipped his moorins and taken my freight money with him."

We were soon on the wharf, I following in the wake of the old man, who hailed the watchman, and he said he had seen a strange craft goin' up the dock towards the coal mine.

Dobson bove ahead at a ten knot gait, givin' me all I could do to keep within hailin' distance. His coat-tails stood out like two sternsail booms as he tore along like a seventy-four a rollin' down to St. Helena, and his hair streamed astern like yarns from a deck swab.

I had it on the end of my tongue several times to tell the old man that it served him right for shippin' a stranger rigged out as the mate had been, I did not like the cut of his jib from the first, but the old man was a bilin' over so I clapt a stopper on my jaw tackle.

We got to a big pit where a lot of miners were gettin' ready to go down below. There was a winch with a big basket made fast to a chain, and the men, with black, daubed up figure heads, their eyes and teeth gleamin' in the flickerin' light of their safety lamps, made 'em look like shipmates of old Jemmy Squarefoot.

"Now, mon," says the old man, "that cussed shark is down thar. He's got snug anchorage below thar, but I'll trip his anchor, if you'll lend a hand. I won't mind a ten pun note, ye know, and now ye may as well take that quadrant ye wanted so bad——"

A ten pound note was good ballast, so I said:

"Fill away, Captain Dobson, and I'll sail in your company."

Jumpin' into the basket they lowered away, and down, down we went, until I thought we must be within hailin' of Davy Jones' locker sure. I felt better when I heered the rumble of voices, and then I made out lights and movin' figures. The chain hung in a bight. We jumped out, and then we were full two hundred feet below the surface. It was some time before we could make out anything, but we got accustomed to the darkness at last.

It was a strange looking crib, shipmates, and on all sides I heered the clang of chains, water splashing about, a strong smell of gas, while the heat made me think of the old days in Flag street at Calcutta.

"Now, mon, look sharp, keep yer blinkers open, and mind how yer tread," said the old man, as he took up one of the covered lamps that were fastened here and there to posts, and at once began his search of the coal mine. Every miner that we ran foul of the old man overhauled, but the mate did not loom upon the captain's excited vision. Deeper and deeper we worked our way along until the dampness covered my coat in drops, and the heat was dreadful.

A sittin' on a bag of coal was the figure of a man, whose rig and tophamper I knew at once. The land shark of a mate was before us.

With a yell of rage, like the howl of a nor'wester, old Dobson sprang forwards, and for a moment I saw the two swaying backwards and forwards by the uncertain glimmer of the lamp. Then came the report of a pistol, followed by a cry, and Captain Dobson fell back without a groan.

Before I could board the blood-thirsty villain there came a wild cry, with screams of alarm from various parts of the mine, followed by:

"Fly to the shaft, fly for your lives! Fire! fire!"

I rushed forward, but the darkness staggered me. I did not know which way to shape my course, and then came a big explosion like a whole broadside fired at once, and the whole pit was wrapt in darkness and death.

As they told me afterwards, the flame from the pistol had set the fire damp (whatever that is) in a blaze, and, shipmates, the last that I remembered at the time was that the concussion was spinnin' me round like a yawl boat in a tideway.

How long I remained stretched out there on the cold, damp floor of the mine I never knew, but when I came to, felt my helm, as it were, I could not make out where I was. I had sort of lost my reckonin'. But slowly I picked up my scattered senses, and then I knew I was in the depths of the burning mine, alone with the dead, for I could not hear a voice or a groan. Around me was darkness, so horrible, so thick, that I fancied I could almost feel it. My heart beat so fast that I was afraid it would burst, and the cold sweat rolled off of me as I thought of bein' two hundred feet down in the very hold of the earth. I tried to pray, but the few wild words that dropt from my lips never went aloft, I am afraid, and half crazy I scrambled to my feet, stumbled blindly on like a ship without a compass in mid ocean. Every few steps I would fetch up against something, and stooping down I put my flipper on the cold, damp face of a corpse. Oh, God, shipmates, you can form no idea of the awful feelings that surged through my brain.

The mine for a second was lit up by a blinding flash, and another heavy report boomed through the infernal place; a rush of air worse than bilge water swept around me, the force of which carried me off my feet like a feather. The awful smell suffocated me. I gasped for air, buried my face in the folds of my pea jacket, and sank down completely gone.

I guess I must have slept again, for my figurehead was not very clear, and when I did begin to paw about, the remembrances of what I had seen while the flash lit up the mine made me tremble like a woman.

Bodies of men stretched out in all kinds of shapes, some covered partly by earth and coal dust, others buried beneath sticks of timber and junks of coal, had been revealed to me while the flash lasted, and I wondered how it was I had been saved from the wreck; but, as the men told me afterwards, I must have been blown into what they called the great air road, which kept me alive.

My mind was not clear, a big cloud seemed to hang over me, and a continual roaring, like the dashing of breakers, buzzed in my ears. Staggering and rolling about, it seemed to me as if I spent a whole watch in tacking, backing and filling among the hundred different channels, shoals and reefs of the mine.

The pressure on my figurehead was awful, and I shouted for help with all my strength, but the echoes as they rumbled around frightened me, and again I sank down on the damp earth, completely dismasted and on my beam ends. I knew it was useless to fly a signal of distress, there was no one to answer me, and I wondered how long it would be before I received orders to slip my moorings.

Through the gloom I suddenly saw a bright, yellow gleam of light shooting up like a beacon fire. I crawled towards it as near as I dared to, and saw that I was near the shaft where I had first come down with poor Dobson. Roaring and blazing, with a noise like thunder, the flames were rolling up the narrow place with tremendous fury, and I knew it was useless to try and escape; beside, the gas had become stronger, driving me back further into the mine.

My blinkers had become kinder used to the darkness, and I could make out things a little better than I did in the first of it. I steered clear of the dark objects lying on every side of me, which I passed with a shudder.

Faint with all that I had seen and been through, I came to on a pile of rubbish and rested. A faint moan from a dark corner of the pit startled me, and I listened in hopes some poor fellow had sheered clear of death as well as myself. The groan was repeated, and, scrambling along a few steps, I hailed. A faint voice answered, and, piloted by its tones, I was soon beside the man, who was half buried under some heavy pieces of timber.

I turned to with all the strength I had, and pulled the rubbish away, stopping only long enough to take a spell at breathing, and ease the strain on my upper works. I had him free at last, and, shipmates, who do you think it was? The scoundrel of a mate, the cause of all the mischief, misery and death.

I caught him by the throat, and dragged him along the wet floor, in spite of his feeble struggles and cries for mercy. I would not reply to him. I had made him out by his voice, and was going to pitch the murderer into the burning shaft. But the air poisoned me again. I could not make any headway, and I fell across his body in about as helpless a condition as the infernal shark beneath me.

Then it was, shipmates, that long forgotten scenes and pictures loomed up on the horizon of my memory. I seemed to be a little tot again, playing around the chair where my good old mother sat darning stockings. She has been under hatches this many a year, but every line of her face was revealed to me. I felt the stroke of her soft hand on my curly head, and her low voice murmuring in my ear as she bade me be a good boy and grow to be a nice man like my father. The old house by the seaside, my father's rugged form bending over his nets as he plied the palm and needle, the distant tones of the bell on the village church long since forgotten—all this, shipmates, and much more, floated before my aching eyes.

Then darkness swept upon me, the visions of boyhood faded away, and I felt myself sinking as I supposed for the last time, but I no longer felt fear.

From a long dreamy sleep I appeared to wake, but I no longer had the power to move tack or sheet. I again heard the ringing of what I had at first thought was the village bell of my young days. But now I heard noises, distant and indistinct, and I knew that the ringing sound was the clash of shovels. Help was at hand. I realized that, my fingers shut with a firm grip upon the body beneath me, and for the last time I was insensible.

Well, shipmates, of course I was fished up out of that mine, or else how could I be here a spinning you the yarn. I was saved, but the doctor told me I had been down to the combings of the grave. I kinder thought so, too.

The mate, who had been the cause of it all, had been hoisted up with me, but he had carried sail for the last time, and his soul was riding at anchor in another world. Death had cheated me out of the job of having him hanged for poor Captain Dobson, who was found black and disfigured with a bullet hole through his heart. I told my yarn to the policeman, identified the remains of the captain, and was allowed to take the body aboard and sail for what had once been his snug anchorage here below.

It was an awful blow for the widow, and I slipped away as soon as I could, with my eye pump working full blast.

There, shipmates, I have given it all to you now, and, take my advice, never trust yourselves below hatches in a coal mine.

"See here, now, ye have had jabbering enough there among ye. The peace of the berth deck is disturbed, and it's time every one of ye were turned in," grumbled old Andrew, the master-at-arms.

"All right, Andrew; but you will treat us to a handful of raisins, won't you, first," said the boatswain, with a smile, as he rose to enter his room.

"Is it raisins ye want," growled the old man; "and your mouth is better fitted for salt horn, I take it."

"Well, good night to ye, Andrew, and be careful you don't dry up and blow away," responded the boatswain, good-naturedly.

But the old man, with an angry fling, had turned away in the direction of his own hammock, and the little circle broke up for the night, the quartermaster promising to tell the next story for their mutual enjoyment.

A DISPOSITION to calumny is too bad a thing to be the only bad thing in us; a vice of that distinction cannot be without a large retinue.

Correspondents' Bureau

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

DECLINED WITH THANKS. — Mystery and Matrimony. The Wife's Confession. Agnes Lee. A New Love Test. The Two Weddings. A Mother's Lament. Forget Not The Unhappy. The Wish Fulfilled.

IGNORAMUS.—*Rien sans peine* is a French phrase, meaning "Nothing without trouble." *Tu ne cede malis* is Latin for "Do not give way to the bad."

G. J. P. (Savannah, Mo.)—If you are not engaged to the young lady, you have no right to object to other young men waiting on her, or to find fault with her for receiving their attentions. You can very easily put a stop to it if you wish to do so.

D. D.—The fact that a husband is cross to his wife, and does not care anything for her, or that a wife is cross to her husband and cares nothing for him, is not a sufficient reason for either one's leaving the other and breaking up the family. The marriage relation is not to be shuffled off quite so easily for any trivial reason of this kind.

E. G. B.—A gentleman, who after corresponding with a lady for a year, expressing deep affection for her, should, without any apparent cause, propose a discontinuance of the correspondence, ought to be let alone by the young lady. And we would say to the young lady, that if she corresponds with a man in such a manner for a whole year, without being engaged to him, she does a very unwise and indelicate thing.

HUMBUG R.—You have evidently gone so far with your attentions that you cannot retract with honor to yourself; and as there is nothing to object to in the young lady's character, accomplishments, personal appearance, or social position, why hesitate? You say that she loves you—of this you are convinced; how cruel, then, to trifle with her affections, since she is in every way worthy of you, according to your own showing.

F. W. M.—By no means encourage a clandestine love suit; reveal everything to your parents at once. You say that you are unhappy under the circumstances; to be sure, you know that you are doing wrong. But why this secrecy, since you tell us that your admirer is your equal and well off, that his character is unimpeachable, and that your parents have long regarded him as a friend?

T. R. R.—Stick to your business and do not permit yourself to be drawn off by seeming prospects to make brilliant speculations. One reverse would sweep away everything you have; and, worse than that, it might leave you restless, reckless, and incapable of honest industry. The moral effect of indulging in illegitimate speculation is worse than pecuniary disaster; for it too often leaves a man a mere wreck upon the current of life, floating helplessly hither and thither, until he plunges into the vortex of destruction and is seen and heard no more.

L. R. G. wants to break off an engagement with a lady who is ten years older than himself, in favor of another who is younger than himself; and he wants to know whether "the disparity of years might not be used as a reasonable excuse for breaking the engagement?" It would have been a good excuse for not entering into the engagement, in the first place, but it is not for breaking it. On such matters we give no advice. We prefer the side of honor to adhering to engagements, even when the excitement is over; but we have no desire to incur the responsibility of advising a disagreeable or uncongenial marriage.

NELLIE J. S.—As you are of age you can certainly marry without your parents' consent; but what you can do in law, and what prudence may dictate, are two very different things. Candidly, we think that all your parents' objections are well-grounded—especially that which applies to the "occasional intemperance" of your suitor. Do not deceive yourself; a lover who would so far forget himself as to drink too much in the presence of one whom he styles the object of his affections, will not scruple to gratify his propensity to liquor when the marriage-knot is tied. Your parents are not "too particular;" they are only properly prudent.

M. A. E.'s case is a sad one, but one we fear that is too difficult for such advice as she desires or we can give. The miseries of wedded life are like those individual ailments which we conceal, from pure shame, from the world. They are the most delicate of all sorrows to deal with; a third party cannot interfere successfully with them; for if a man interferes, he offends the husband, and if a woman interferes, she offends the wife; and to appeal to the law is to make the whole story known to the world. If the two parties cannot settle the matter amicably themselves, there is no hope; for living together in the same house as they do, all depends on their mutual discretion and forbearance. That which cannot be mended must be endured, and accepted as a doom; and once accepted thus with resignation, the evil will naturally diminish, for it is nourished and strengthened by irritation. Give it rest by avoiding all collision and recrimination and inward fretting. This alone will remove many causes of its aggravation, though it cannot cure.

LEAGUE ISLAND.—"Can you please tell me how many navy yards there are in the United States at present, and any information in your power as to their respective dimensions, etc?" There are eight navy yards, namely, at Portsmouth, N. H.; Charlestown, Mass.; Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington, Norfolk, Va.; Pensacola, Fla., and Mare Island, California. Portsmouth, N. H., has an area of sixty-three acres, of which about five acres have yet to be filled in. The yard is situate on an island, with a water front of one thousand feet. That of Charlestown covers eighty acres of ground, inclosed landward by a high stone wall. It has a dry dock, which cost $670,000, three hundred and forty-one feet in length, eighty in width, and a depth of sixty feet. The Brooklyn navy yard covers a surface of eighty acres of available ground, and forty acres more yet to be filled in—one hundred and twenty acres in all. It has one stone dry dock and two building slips, with a water frontage of twelve hundred feet. The Philadelphia yard occupies an area of about fifteen acres, and has one floating dry dock, built at a cost of $815,742, capable of raising the largest ships of war afloat. There are also two building slips, and a water front of six hundred feet. The Washington yard has an area of forty-two acres, two acres of which are marsh, and there is a water frontage of nine hundred feet, with two building slips, but no dry dock.

FRANK.—We do not recommend any of the systems promulgated for reducing obesity; but in compliance with your request, we publish the outlines of the principal measures in vogue in some French and English medical schools on the subject. They seem to range themselves under four heads, viz.: First, *regime*; second, hygiene; third, exercise and gymnastics; and fourth, waters with sulphate of soda. The basis of the *regime* rests on the prevention of the introduction of carbon into the system, or on favoring its transformation and augmenting the amount of oxygen. The food must, therefore, be non-nitrogenous, varied with a few vegetables containing no starch, and some raw fruit. But the temperament of the patient must be kept in view. The lymphatic should have a red diet—beef, mutton, hare, pheasant, partridge, etc.; and the sanguine should have a white diet—veal, fowl, pigeons, oysters, etc. Vegetables not sweet or farinaceous may be allowed; grapes, gooseberries, apples, etc.; *café noir*, tea, with a little sugar and a small addition of cognac, may be used. Sugar, butter, cheese, potatoes, pastry, rice, beans, peas, etc., are forbidden. The hygiene consists in favoring the action of the skin, in wearing a tight roller to support the walls of the abdomen, in taking plenty of exercise on foot or on horseback, playing at billiards, fencing, swimming, gymnastics, etc. The Hanting treatment, as we have frequently explained, consists in abstaining from bread, butter, milk, beer, potatoes, pudding, and from sugar in every shape. It allows some biscuit or dry bread, every kind of fish except salmon, any kind of meat except pork, and all vegetables except potatoes.

MISCELLANEOUS.—J. M. D.—A "stevedore" is a person who superintends the stowage of a ship's cargo. M. D.—From your description of the state of your teeth, we should advise you to consult a dentist at once. The enamel, when once destroyed, never grows again. TULIP.—A nose which gets red after walking, or after drinking hot tea, denotes something wrong with the digestive organs. Medical advice should be taken. J. A. F. (Belmont).—There is no such word as "veriest" in any dictionary. VIOLET.—We cannot publish the "code of handkerchief flirtations," because we utterly disapprove of them. C. A. F.—If you are intimate with the gentleman, there is no harm whatever in your receiving the rug under the circumstances. H. W. S.—If you really desire to put an end to the correspondence, you should inform the gentleman so by letter, and then if he writes again return the letter to him unopened. SYDNEY.—You had better tell the young lady that you love her, and request her hand in marriage. She will then have to make up her mind between you and the "other fellow." H. A. H.—Don't enclose a postage stamp when you write to a young lady. It is rather suggestive that you do not think she can raise three cents! MAC.—Simply write a polite note, expressing your regret at not being able to accept the invitation. P. P. P.—As you do not tell us your age or height, we are unable to answer either of your questions. CONSTANCE.—If he is possessed of the least penetration, he must have known it without being told. M. H. L.—The notes that are not within the natural range of a singer's voice are called *falsetto*.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*